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Elder and Younger Brother

BY ELLEN GLASGOW

THE subject of the relation of the scholar to the imaginative, or creative, writer is one upon which I have speculated, at intervals, ever since I decided, on my seventh birthday, that my native heath was the field of American letters. Although the novel is my chief preoccupation, to which I was dedicated, or doomed, by some malicious godmother who hung over my cradle, it is not, and has never been, a solitary pursuit. Or, perhaps, I express my meaning more precisely when I say that, in my judgment, the province of the novel is the entire range of human experience and the vast area of mortal destiny. I am involved therefore, through imagination at least, in every human activity, and among these varied interests I regard with peculiar envy the part of the scholar — by which I mean not the diligent collector of old bones, but the earnest seeker after the good and the true.

ILLUSTRATIONS FOR THREE OF ELLEN GLASGOW'S NOVELS
From left: "The Battle Ground," "Barren Ground" (woodcut by J. J. Lankes), and "They Stooped to Folly" (drawing by Lois Lenski).

Thus, when I speak of scholarship I think of an agency that is vital and living. Just as I cherish the Greek name for a philosopher, lover of wisdom, so I see the genuine scholar as the preserver of truth. Whether his mind assembles a few facts or a multitude, he remains for me the true scholar so long as he strives with unswerving fidelity for a permanent good. And because the dead cannot strive, scholarship must have its own capacity for germination, for growth, for change and development. It must be as sensitive to the promise of tomorrow as to the fulfilment that has been dead and buried and safely turned to dust for a thousand years. The relation it bears to the creative impulse is that of the elder to the younger brother. Throughout the ages, from the first grey dawn of human history, down from the "Mahabharata" or the "Iliad," we find these two vital forces working steadily together and fighting side by side in the long conflict of enlightenment with the powers of darkness. The will that creates has combined with the will that defends, restrains, selects, eliminates, safeguards, and keeps alive for the future. Even when they are ranged in opposing movements, as in the classical and the romantic traditions, they are still united in the fundamental service of life.

It is an arresting thought that, if the ancient treasures of literature belong to us now, we owe them less to art which has been generous than to scholarship which has been prudent. During the Dark Ages in Europe, when the creative impulse had turned from art to the auto-da-fé, it was the patient learning of the East that protected these treasures, not embalmed as mummies for burial, but alive in the mind and heart. Yet we speak of the dead tongues and memorable shades of the past. We have ceased to remember that the great shades who so eloquently people the world of scholarship were more than shades when they left their immortal impressions. They did not live in the past; they lived instead, and very vitally, in their own immediate present. They marched with the years. They are the contemporaries of time.

It would seem, perhaps, that I have taken too leisurely a way when I approach contemporary letters from the vanishing-point of the perspective. But what I wish to do is simply to acknowledge that intimate relation which exists today, and has always existed, between the impulse to create and the will to preserve. Although I am not in any sense a scholar, I am, in every sense of that abused word, a reader. And by "every sense" I mean you to understand that I read not with the eyes alone, but with the imagination, the heart, the nerves, and the blood-stream. Since all experience must come to life for me in the imagination or remain inanimate, there is only one mental image I do not welcome, and that is the visitation of a dead idea. If it enters, it must come attached by indestructible ties to the living. Not necessarily the new—for many old ideas are more vital than new ones—if there is, indeed, any such thing as a new idea—but it must have at least a connection with what (because we know so little about it) we are fond of calling Reality. An idea may be decrepit, but finished it must not be. So Goethe felt, no doubt, when he exclaimed: "I thank God I am not young in so thoroughly finished a world!"

Our quarrel, then, is not with the old; it is with the finished. For good or ill, we must have a hand in the making. The present, in spite of its failures, which are numerous, has for us an immeasurable advantage over the Age of Pericles or the Age of Elizabeth—it is our own. We may not like it, but we belong in it. Future centuries will judge us not by what we thought of the Elizabethans, but by what we made of ourselves—of our own vastly inferior opportunities.

In one of his perennially delightful essays, Walter Bagehot makes a few pungent comments on a literary ancestor worship that is too exclusive. He quotes, with gentle malice, a familiar passage from Macaulay:

Plato is never sullen. Cervantes is

Next Week

BELOVED FRIEND
By CATHERINE DRINKER BOWEN and BARBARA VON MECK
Reviewed by W. J. Henderson

THE PERSIAN JOURNEY
By ELGIN GROSECLOSE
Reviewed by Pearl S. Buck

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never petulant. Demosthenes never comes unseasonably. Dante never stays too long. No difference of political opinion can alienate Cicero. No heresy can excite the horror of Bossuet.

And Bagehot laments:

> But Bossuet is dead; and Cicero was a Roman; and Plato wrote in Greek. Years and manners separate us from the great. After dinner, Demosthenes may come unseasonably; Dante might stay too long. We are alienated from the politician and have a horror of the theologian. Dreadful idea, having Demosthenes for an intimate friend. He had pebbles in his mouth; he was always urging action; he spoke such good Greek; we cannot dwell on it—it is too much. . . . But what gives to the speeches of Demosthenes the interest they have? The intense glowing interest of the speaker in all that he is speaking about. Philip is not a "person whom posterity will censure," but "the man whom I hate."

And so, Bagehot concludes, "a writer must have a life of *some* place and *some* time before he can have one for all space and all time." Posterity, "that expected authority, is most ungrateful; those who think of it most, it thinks of least. The way to secure its favor is to give vivid, essential pictures of the life before you, to leave a fresh glowing delineation of the scene to which you were born."

In my own limited experience I have observed with wonder so many intellectual and literary fashions that I have come at last to rely positively upon one conviction alone. No idea is so antiquated that it was not once modern. No idea is so modern that it will not some day be antiquated. The intellect will outlive the assault on intellectualism. The Revolution will outlive revolutionaries. To seize the flying thought before it escapes us is our only touch with reality. The one thing needful, it would seem, is *not* to be consistent. For one may accept, as I do, Hume's theory of mind, and yet believe that mind regarded as a series of perceptions is not less real or significant than mind regarded as an entity. One may even call oneself a skeptic, as I do also, and yet prefer the Enneads of Plotinus to a symphony orchestra. Only a single aspect of intelligence is fatal to a living culture, and that is the closed comprehension, the finished process.

If I may glance, for a moment, over my personal history, I might illustrate more forcibly what I mean by the value of inconsistency as an outlook on life. More than thirty years ago I began my literary work as a rebel against conventions. I am still a rebel, but the conventions are different. Although I have not lost the heart of a revolutionary, I like now to be firmly convinced that I am standing on the right—by which I mean the humane—barricade. No longer would I make a revolution for the melancholy privilege of calling things by their worst names. Nevertheless, the mood of my earliest work was the rebel mood of today. In the stern school of neglect and misrepresentation I was taught that being the only rebel in one's world is very nearly as futile, and quite as tragic, as being the only Christian. At that age, I was fond of saying: Nothing but the inevitable is worth fighting. Now, after an ineffectual revolt, I have come to realize that the inevitable is a poor adversary—that it does not obey the rules of civilized warfare and has no true sporting instinct. Yet I still believe that the mood, if not the manner, of revolution is the most fertile soil for ideas.

We are, in fact, living nowadays in a period of insurgent interests. The worse the world becomes, the more exciting we shall find it as material for fiction and criticism. Ours may be, indeed, as Bradley has observed, the best of all possible worlds and everything in it a necessary evil. Well, no matter. In our universal comedy of errors increasing knowledge may be trusted to bring its own recompense. Just here, curiously enough, a voice complains, "But the less we know, the better novelists we shall make"—which sounds strangely like Omar, the Caliph, but is merely one of our contemporaries industriously digging wells in his subconscious mind. Now, I have nothing whatever against the digging of wells, either within or without. Indeed, the dark labyrinth of human psychology is among my favorite backgrounds in fiction. There is, however, always the danger that we may drown in the muddy shallows before the clear water has risen. Such primitive soundings have validity only in the mind that has lived and remembered, that has learned already to feel and measure the depths.

That has learned to feel and measure the depths! This knowledge, it is safe to assert, is the supreme endowment we need in the writing of both fiction and criticism—especially in the writing of criticism. In an undisciplined age, blind yet active, eager yet aimless, rushing vehemently nowhere, we need, above all other benefits, courageous discrimination in the criticism of life. We need the strong, clear note of authority in the midst of the incessant exaltation of the inferior, in the midst of the endless tumult over the cheap, the immature, the rowdy, even the obviously defective. We need insight; we need a standard of excellence; we need integrity and audacity; we need really to live in the modern world we inhabit.

For not the least noticeable feature in much recent writing is what I may call, perhaps, the strong emphasis on nullity. In spite of all this downward boring into profundity, too many well-thought-of modern novels sound as if they had issued from mere windy emptiness. Although prose of this variety has lost the stale odor of genteel tradition, it has failed, unfortunately, to capture and hold an original flavor. It lacks seasoning that is characteristic. If it has any scent, it is the smell of nothing.

But these remarks apply, of course, only to a single literary aspect. If I have touched upon it at all, it is because I think that in our nervousness lest we overlook authentic genius, we spend ourselves too lavishly encouraging the minor talent. The danger is that we may lose, if we have not already lost, that sharp sense of values which distinguishes closely between budding promise and mediocrity. For there is promise around us. There is a fresh feeling in the air, and it may be, in truth, that tomorrow will become another day in our letters. Side by side with dulness and decay we may perceive, here and there, the new greenness of confident growth. And confident growth is the very essence of both national and regional literature.

It is well that the creative writer should be original, should be experimental, should be revolutionary and even extreme. These tendencies are all signs of vitality, and they have their part in man's progress and in a universe where change appears to be the only permanent law. I believe in the new, but I believe in the old also, and, most of all, I believe in that living fusion of the past with the present. There is room for both—there is room for all in so variable a world.

To the scholar and the critic, I would

Made Shine

By JOSEPHINE MILES

THIS face had no use for light, took none of it
Grew cavernous against stars, bore into noon
A dark of midnight by its own resources.

Yet where it lay in sleep, where the pillow held it
With the blind plaster over it and the four walls
Keeping the night carefully, it was undone.

Sixty-watt light, squared to a window frame,
Suddenly across a well of air, across wind and window,
Leaped and made shine the dark face in its sleep.

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say simply: Keep an open mind, but hold fast to the standard of excellence—for an open mind without standards may become little more than a rubbish heap. For example, the Cambridge professor who teaches—or so I have heard—that Mr. T. S. Eliot has "dislodged" Milton, whatever that may mean, and that there is greater reality (or is the fashionable word "validity"? or is it even "content"?) in Sweeney than in Lycidas may keep a wide-open mind, though he has scarcely upheld the standard of excellence.

Courage alone can do that. For in an epoch of general disintegration, when the lowest common denominator is the popular hero, it takes finer courage to commend excellence than to applaud mediocrity. And it takes more than courage—it takes irresistible daring—to cherish and defend that benign, if discredited virtue, good taste. Yet I have always liked Goethe's saying, "The assassination of Julius Caesar was not in good taste." One may imagine that even lynchings and automobile killings might be abolished by a people that possessed good taste in such matters.

If this is so, if the pursuit of the good and the true is the chief end of scholarship, then it would seem that the standard of excellence must remain securely in the grasp of the scholar, the student, the teacher of youth. With that standard, we must move forward or backward. One fact alone is certain, we cannot grow into the ground. Our direction we may choose, but scarcely more, and since it is impossible to escape the future, it is wiser to embrace it, however reluctantly, before it destroys us. In our own minds at least we may cultivate an aversion from the inferior and a preference for what is vital and reasonably enduring.

Already, while we are still undecided, we are on our way. Whether we fight or yield, the final victory will always belong to time. The most that we can do is to cling fast to some perception of truth or beauty, to some principle in art or criticism, to some special enjoyment even, or to some unbroken attitude in philosophy. For it is necessary to assure ourselves that only by changing as the world changes shall we be able to protect our rich inheritances and our vested intellectual interests in any future.

In one of the last letters of Pascal there are a few wise sentences which we may still take to heart.

"The Jesuits," he wrote, "have obtained a Papal decree condemning Galileo's doctrine about the motion of the earth. It is all in vain. If the earth is really turning around, all mankind together will not be able to keep it from turning, or themselves from turning with it."

The foregoing article, in slightly different form, was delivered as an address before the recent meeting of the Modern Language Association at Richmond.

Drums and Destruction

INVASION. By Maxence van der Meersch. Translated by Gerard Hopkins. New York: The Viking Press. 1937. $3.

Reviewed by HAROLD LITTLEDALE

WHAT Gustave Somville did so powerfully in "The Road to Liège," Mr. Van der Meersch has done more brilliantly in this novel. The former was fact that read like fiction while this book is fiction that reads like fact. Mr. Somville produced a propaganda report (it was published during the war) whereas Mr. van der Meersch contents himself with a psychological novel long after the war. In subject matter alone are the two akin.

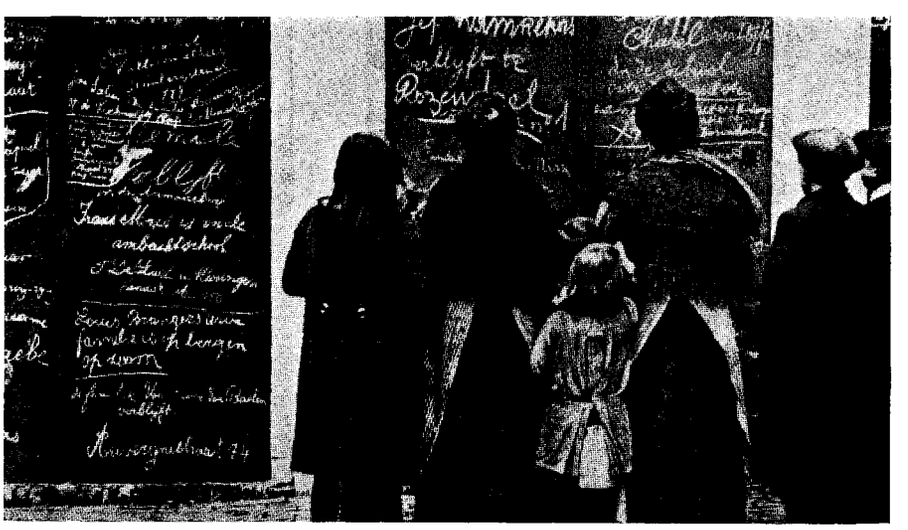
When the German armies made their first rush through Belgium and into northern France in that dramatic August of 1914, van der Meersch was a boy of seven attending school in his native Roubaix. No doubt, with most boys of his age, he was carried away with the bugle's shrill call to arms, the roll of drums that hastened the tired feet of marching men, the clatter of field artillery through the cobbled streets, and all the dramatic panoply of war; but in the years that passed something of the helplessness of a civilian population in the hands of a powerful enemy must have registered upon his mind, to be supplemented later with reminiscences around the fireside and with such books as that of Somville and the official records from which Somville wrote. And at twenty-seven he completed this novel now presented to American readers in a translation by Gerard Hopkins, a translation, by the way, in which the translator successfully achieves self-effacement.

Mr. van der Meersch selects as the scene of his novel the actual community in which he lived, the district north of Lille which felt the oppressive heel of the invader for more than four years. Unlike Somville he does not draw up an indictment of the enemy in possession but writes instead of the effect of military occupation upon the civilian residents, selecting indiscriminately the poor and the rich, the illiterate and the educated, the female and the male. He portrays the destruction of morals no less than of morale and the disintegration of body and of soul. He relieves this awful picture now and then with a character whose honor remains unsullied and whose loyalties survive unchanged. On the whole, however, it is a sorry tale, though perhaps that is to be expected, for one cannot argue with an adversary who stands there sword in hand.

The strength in the book lies much in the manner of its telling. Wilde once spoke of Hall Caine as writing "at the top of his voice." Van der Meersch might have done that but he does not do so. His mood is rather one of quiet contemplation and he presents his characters much in the manner of Maupassant so that one never quite knows whether he approves or disapproves. Maupassant's "Boule de Suif" comes to mind in the tragic fate of Judith Lacombe.

But Judith is only one of fifty characters presented with equal emphasis, for the canvas is a large one, and the characters appear and are laid aside only to reappear far on in the book. They seem to be lost in the crowd and at times the effect is one of confusion but the broken flow of the narrative is brought into full stream at the end and unity of effect is achieved.

Harold Littledale, a member of the New York Times *staff, was with the British armies in France for the duration of the war.*



REFUGEES IN OCCUPIED FRENCH TERRITORY READING MESSAGES LEFT ON WINDOW SHUTTERS BY THOSE WHO HAD FLED.
From "The First World War" (Simon & Schuster).

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History of Alchemy

PRELUDE TO CHEMISTRY: An Outline of Alchemy, Its Literature and Relationships. By John Read. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1937. $5.

Reviewed by JOHN RIORDAN

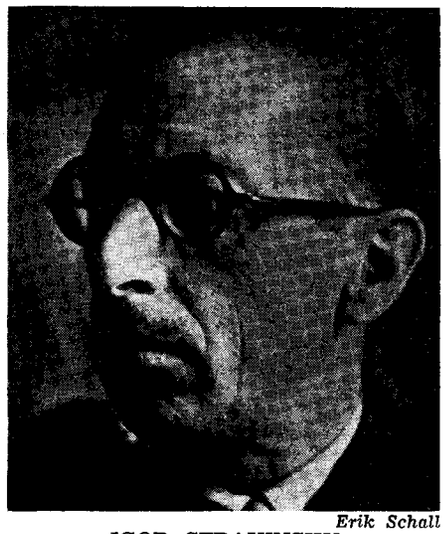
THIS book of curiosa and of research in forgotten knowledge is probably most interesting in that its author is the professor of chemistry in the United College of St. Salvator and St. Leonard in the University of St. Andrews, a fellow of the Royal Society as well as a scientific doctor. Alchemy, Islam's word for the knowledge of Egypt (al Khem, Khem being the word for Egypt), has had, possibly, no interpreter so distinguished in the world of science. Though nominally writing a study of primitive knowledge of the properties of materials now fructified into modern chemistry, Mr. Read has had perforce to extend his scope to the "philosophic and exact science of the regeneration of the human soul from its present sense-immersed state into the perfection and nobility of that divine condition in which it was originally created." In the latter aspect only have the Alchemists, either as curiosities or possessors of a lost knowledge, anything of importance for the present. As scientific precursors, their studies of the transmutation of elements, still their popular embodiment, are spurious; and the field of metallurgy, in which Agricola (publicized by former President Hoover) had conspicuous success, may be regarded as apart from their main spirit.

In fact, the parts of the history of alchemy which are easily intelligible to the modern scientific mind appear foreign to its nature. For alchemy, unlike modern science, had as its primary aim the perfection of man; the study of nature was incidental. The transmutation of lower metals into the noble element, gold, was a reflection or allegory of the same process in man, and was to be reached as much in the psyche of the alchemist as in the materials in his Hermetic Vase. The substantial unity of nature, the universe, and God so focussed on man is a concept quite contrary to modern minds, and indeed constitutive of another culture.

AN ALCHEMICAL INTERIOR
From "Prelude to Chemistry."

Thus the task of alchemy's historian is not easy. He has to make persuasive a point of view inevitably somewhat repugnant to his readers. He has to overcome the same tendency in himself. Moreover, the alchemical transmission of knowledge was largely oral and personal, its written texts being designed as much to conceal as to reveal: "all haile to the noble Companie of true Students in holy Alchemie, whose noble practice doth them teach to vaile their secrets with mistie speech," a practice not particularly helpful. In fact, the leading criticism of this book might be that Mr. Read has relied too exclusively on texts, giving little attention to the possibility of a continuance of the oral tradition, contact with which might have facilitated his work; but that is asking for the definitive history. And if he is not content with curiosa, his work must seem always in danger of losing point. He needs the text of his opening chapter:— "The systems which confront the intelligence remain basically unchanged through the ages; although they assume different forms . . . there is nothing so disastrous in science as the arrogant dogmatism which despises the past and admires nothing but the present." But this is written by a mid-nineteenth century scholar, himself a historian of chemistry. Perhaps more to the point is the evidence, on the one hand, of the interest in alchemy taken by a founder of modern science, Isaac Newton, "surviving manuscripts on alchemy in [whose] hand comprise some 650,000 words" and, on the other, of the current work of A. S. Eddington, the prominence in which of the number 136 (as involved in relationships of fundamental physical constants) has, as has been observed by E. T. Bell, a Pythagorean or alchemical tinge.

Mr. Read has surmounted these obstacles, producing a skillful, charming, and as well as may be intelligible account of the central ideas and particular conceits of writers who were always irritatingly ambiguous while always bent on objects now as then the most interesting of man's aims. The book is beautifully produced, with seventeen text illustrations, sixty-three plate reproductions of alchemical engravings, transcription of the music of four alchemical canons, and a striking Artzybasheff jacket.



Erik Schall
IGOR STRAVINSKY

Stravinsky's New Opus

STRAVINSKY: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1936. $3.50.

Reviewed by PAUL H. LANG

THE autobiography of Stravinsky is a welcome human document contributing to the understanding of the most original and most powerful musician of our era. It is not really an autobiography. "It will be a simple account of important events side by side with facts of minor consequence." And, indeed, the events and facts follow one another with kaleidoscopic variety. Stravinsky's crisp sentences, often naked in their brevity, recall the "motoric" rhythms of his *Noces*. They are often irritating in their bluntness and naiveté but more often highly interesting and significant in their revelatory glimpses.

People will criticize this autobiography as they did Stravinsky's compositions, yet we cannot approach it with critical eyes because it is neither a profession of faith nor an autobiography in the Wellsian sense. It does not matter whether he likes Tchaikovsky and dislikes Wagner, there are many people who will endorse his opinions; it does not even matter that, under the influence of French civilization he denies his blood and heritage, Russian folk music. The composer of *Petroushka, Le Sacre du Printemps,* and other orgiastic, breathtaking, and overpowering Russian works changed to an elaborately archaistic Western European style in *Apollon Musagète*. It is highly interesting to read his remarks in which he tries to justify his conversion, because every one of his moves caused a new orientation among musicians throughout the world. The great composer's remarks concerning the practice of music, conducting, and composition are penetrating and timely.

No one who is interested in the destiny of musical art should miss this thought-provoking book.

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The Power and the Glory

THE ULTIMATE POWER. By Morris L. Ernst. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Company. 1937. $3.

Reviewed by CHARLES P. CURTIS, JR.

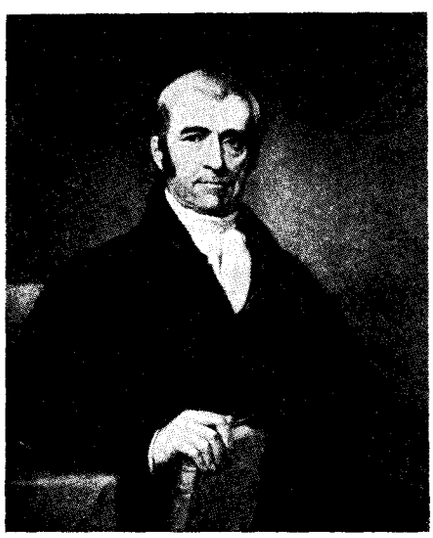
THIS is a popular and vigorous book which might have been called, "Our Constitution and Our Court, Their Cause and Cure." It is not for scholars, nor intended to be, any more than, as Mr. Ernst says, it was designed for lawyers. It is written, although Mr. Ernst is himself a lawyer, with an "earnest disrespect for what lawyers and judges have done to us all." Disrespectful it is, yet it is not too earnest; nor, when you come to Mr. Ernst's conclusion, is it as radical as his attitude would lead you to expect.

It is a happily readable book, so its 326 pages of text, broken on almost every page with a sort of news flash in italics à la Dos Passos, are not too long. For two-thirds of it we are given the background of the Constitution, the thirteen colonies struggling against England and then against themselves, the Constitutional Convention sitting in Philadelphian secrecy, the Constitution it produced there, and the narrowly successful, but graceful coup d'état with which it was adopted. Then comes the way Jefferson captured the result from Hamilton, and finally the way Marshall salvaged the power for the Supreme Court to declare acts of Congress unconstitutional.

That really brings us to what Mr. Ernst has to say. In *Marbury* vs. *Madison,* in 1803, Marshall set up this power of the Court as a standard to which good men might repair. Senator Beveridge calls it "a coup as bold in design and as daring in execution as that by which the Constitution had been framed." Mr. Ernst tells it as a dramatic story of "judicial impropriety and political jobbery." Good men had little or no occasion to repair to the standard until after the Civil War. But since then they have gathered round it more and more often, until Mr. Ernst is disgusted and alarmed. So much so that he gets excited and says that the Court's judicial vetoes "are no doubt one of the main causes of our economic depression."

The last third of the book is skimped. There is something, but not enough, about the recent batch of judicial vetoes, on the A.A.A., the Guffey Coal Act, the Minimum Wage, the N.R.A. Yet those are the ones that most concern us now. There are little thumbnails of the present judges, but not enough. They are the ones we are now watching. And Mr. Ernst's analysis of the Court's attitude is too superficial. He suggests that it is due to the fact that practically all the seventy-six judges past and present have come from the Eastern seaboard. But all the judges of the present court who have shown self-restraint about acts of Congress come from the East, Brandeis, Stone, Cardozo, Hughes, and Roberts. The vetoers come from further West, Van Devanter of Indiana, McReynolds of Tennessee, Sutherland of Utah, Butler of Minnesota. He says, "We must remember that these men are lawyers. They belong to a profession which has always been basically dishonest." But Brandeis, Stone, and Cardozo, the most self-restrained, are as much, if not more, disciplined and distinguished lawyers than their colleagues.

His conclusion is, as I have said, less radical than his disrespectful attitude will have led the reader to foresee. He wants us now to adopt Madison's suggestion that when the Court declares an Act



JOHN MARSHALL
Portrait by James R. Lambdin.

of Congress unconstitutional Congress should have power to override the decision by a two-thirds vote of both houses. He thinks this "would in time enhance the stature of the Court," for it would be inspired to build up enough popular support for its decision to cause Congress to hesitate about overriding it. And so it well might. Constitutional questions are political questions. Let them be argued out politically, and not pseudo-legally. Let the Court pronounce judgment between the true parties, who are We the People vs. Congress, not as if it were only between the individuals whose private controversy only happens to be the occasion for a decision. Marshall put the Court into politics. Instead of taking it out of politics by denying it the power to declare acts of Congress unconstitutional, let us all, including the Court, recognize the fact. The Court might well be the better and the stronger for it.

Mr. Ernst closes by calling to his support "none other than John Marshall." He quotes from that letter to Judge Chase which is well worth quotation. Judge Chase was under impeachment for what were really political reasons. On January 23, 1804, Chief Justice Marshall wrote his associate to deplore this modern doctrine of impeachment and to say that it "should yield to an appellate jurisdiction in the legislature. A reversal of those legal opinions deemed unsound by the legislature would certainly better compost with the mildness of our character than the removal of the Judge who has rendered them unknowing of his fault" (not faults, as Mr. Ernst prints it). There is a facsimile of this letter in Beveridge's Marshall opposite page 176 of volume III.

A Diplomat's Memoirs

THEATRE OF LIFE. By Esme Howard. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1936. $4.50.

AMERICANS will remember Esme Howard best as the British Ambassador in Washington. In "Theatre of Life," the second volume of his memoirs, Lord Howard writes plesantly of his career from 1903 to today. His work has taken him to Crete, Hungary, Sweden, Switzerland, and the United States. Once again we get the behind-the-scenes story of the Peace Conference, this time with particular emphasis on the Polish and Baltic questions.

Constant readers of memoirs will find the usual good supply of stories about prominent characters — Lenin, Clemenceau, Hoover, Lincoln Steffens, Coolidge, and Mussolini all appear. The anecdotes are not always new but they are told with pleasing gusto. Lord Howard's quiet sense of humor can be gauged from the way in which he reports that, after listening to a remark of President Coolidge, "I laughed, which was what I was supposed to do."

The book is a mixture of inconsequential chit-chat, sensitive descriptions of places, and asides on the political and social customs of the various countries to which the author was accredited. Most adequate of these latter is the very favorable account given of Swiss democracy. Many of the principles which have worked out so successfully there, Lord Howard thinks could be imitated with modifications elsewhere.

The author writes with quiet assurance of politics and international affairs. But it is the traditional assurance of the British aristocrat and not the result of any connected system of thought. There are, therefore, contradictions. On one page he can write, "How anybody not a lunatic can sing the glories of war passes all comprehension." Later he devotes several pages to praise of the man who has done this as much as any other—Mussolini. "Theatre of Life" is a well-told story of a suave, cultivated diplomat.

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The Saturday Review
of Literature

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Rights and Wrongs in English

FOR literate people the usefulness of a dictionary does not have to be argued, but the need for a book on what constitutes good usage in English has often to be jolted into the consciousness by some unfortunate experience in conversation or in print. For good usage involves not only grammar, which soon becomes instinctive with educated people, and not only meaning, but also those marginal areas of language where rules are intricate or uncertain and the ignorant or careless speaker is always in danger of saying what he does not mean. We do not dispute as to whether a termite is an insect or a mineral, or whether the nominative singular takes a singular verb, but in between these regions of elementary knowledge lies a debatable land. Hence the need of such a book as H. W. Fowler's "Modern English Usage," or such a manual as the forthcoming "A.B.C. of English Usage" which is to digest good usage from both sides of the Atlantic in convenient, alphabetic form.

How powerful is the actual usage of intelligent and educated people who are alive and speaking and writing the language as a living, contemporary tongue? That is a question which until recently the makers of dictionaries and textbooks have been unwilling to face. How far should the shaping by current practice of a great historic language like English be allowed to go unchecked? This is a question to which it has been, and is, difficult to get a satisfactory answer. When used by illiterates of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, Anglo-Saxon, a highly inflected language, broke down its grammar into its present analytical simplicity. What seemed a calamity proved to be a vital gain for the speech. Newspaper usage today tolerates slovenly and ambiguous constructions so vague as to be unable to carry precise thought. Here is an apparent damage to all good writing. Who shall judge when the bonds of speech shall be tightened, when loosened? Not the makers of textbooks who are nearly always reactionary, and often unscholarly in denying the right to change to a language that has always been changing, and often by breaking its own rules. Not anyone who uses our tongue without a keen sense for meaning, and a respect for accuracy in expression. There is need for an umpire, which means a need for books on usage which digest not only historical scholarship but the compilers' own experience and opinion

The expression "correct English" is often meaningless in those fields of experience where language is a becoming. Nine-tenths of the time the makers of a book on usage can be positive. If you use *aggravate* when you mean *irritate* or *transpire* when you mean *happen,* the only choice is between right and wrong. Indeed most of the grammar, the definitions, the rules in general of a book on usage are just restatements of what we all ought to know about the laws of English.

Yet it is surprising how much in English usage is in a state of flux where authority is needed to say just what is—one cannot say right, but rather, best.

Take the case of the split infinitive, which Harvard, in Barrett Wendell's day, regarded as an alley cat loose in the language. Fowler settled its status in a definitive pamphlet published by the Society for Pure English.* Do not split an infinitive, he says, unless a split infinitive makes more intelligible English (as it sometimes does); then split it. A nicer question (the proper use of *nice* is itself a question) is raised by *different than.* Few Americans use *different than* except from ignorance, but it is easy to collect a sheaf of examples from standard English writers. The latest manual decides against. There is no gain from using a conjunction where a preposition is handy.

A nicer question still is raised by the recent extension in this country of *contact* used as a verb. No good writer sanctions it, no dictionary allows it, no careful speaker uses it. And yet it is clearly on the way to general acceptance. At the moment it has a detestable sound of cheap commercial vulgarity. "I contacted him" does not seem to have, indeed it has not, precisely the same meaning as "I got into contact [or made contact] with him." We may well wish that no one had thought of the short-cut phrase, yet it was well nigh inevitable as a little reflection shows. Nothing is more characteristic of the peculiar genius of English than the ease with which it has always expanded by using nouns as verbs, verbs as adjectives, and more rarely adjectives as nouns. The last manual complains of *feature* ("She was featured in a film") as an unhappy Americanism becoming as familiar abroad as here. Yet as with *contact* this change of use was bound to happen when needed. No one objects to "conditioned reflex" or "to condition the children," yet *condition* here is a stolen word, as are hundreds of other nouns and verbs now quite respectable. All that can be urged is conservatism and a regard for euphony. We do not want change in our language to go on ball bearings, nor to make its sounds unnecessarily harsh.

A beautiful example of a much needed word driven out by precisians, and now beginning to be regretted even by the manuals is *aint. Aint* was once a colloquialism; now it is a social error. The attitude of the grammarians toward *aint* is easy to understand since they fight all change, and would unquestionably have united against the invaluable *its* when it slid into the language through some backdoor in the sixteenth century. Yet liberal grammarians have admitted that *aint* as an abbreviation for *am not* is better than the old amn't; and *am not* (in, say, "Am I not?") really needs an abbreviation. What happened was that *aint* slipped into a place where grammatically it fitted, then, following the course of other English words, it slid into the other persons—to become *you aint,* where *you aren't* was doing the job, and *he aint* when *he isn't* seemed sufficient. Nevertheless if five hundred good speakers and writers, known as such, agreed to use *aint* in all persons, it would become standard colloquial English in a few years.

A manual of usage shows the language in growth. The changes are negligible as a percentage of the whole, but the growth they indicate, though slight, is a growth in expressiveness to meet new needs of new times. It is a growth under influence and control, although just where this control resides is hard to say. The influence comes most of all from the press, the radio, the stage, and strongly original writers of literature. The control is not ultimately in books of reference, although they act as brakes and correctives. It is exercised—usually without conscious purpose—by the best writers and the best speakers. Incorrect, inaccurate, sloppy writers and speakers have no influence whatsoever except to debase the current mass English. It is questionable whether they count in the history of the tongue. Vigorously independent speakers or writers, indifferent to rules and the dictionary, who pick up slang and invent new words for the colloquial, are not themselves influential, unless their best inventions, or borrowings from folk speech, are taken up and used by writers with a deep respect for the language. The rest of their coinage sinks without a trace, except in some dated novel or play. One principle always holds:—if its growth is to be sound a language must develop in accord with its own genius. English has suffered far more from the Latinizing of pedants than from slang. And also, its final standards of correctness must be derived from users not from rules. But these users must themselves be keenly aware of the tradition, the entire meaning, and the economy of their speech.

H. S. C.

* Oxford University Press. Tract No. 15.

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Letters to the Editor: *Why "Gone with the Wind" Has Sold a Million Copies*

We, the People, Yes!

SIR:—You'll never dast publish what I feel I'm going to say; what I have been saying to myself ever since I read about "Gone With the Wind" in *Time*, in the *Herald Tribune*, in the *Times Book Review*, and in your journal. I happened to be one of the first individuals on the face of the globe to read that book, and I predicted just what has happened, and if I can keep my mad down so my words can come up, I'll tell you why.

I am only a farm woman, and I take my pen in hand, hoping you'll correct the spelling and the grammar. (I am on a vacation, the only way a farm woman ever gets a vacation, from falling in a spell one day, down in front of the kitchen range, I don't know why, for I had only milked twelve cows; killed, picked, and cleaned six old hens; baked three cakes, etc., cooked for thirty-two threshers and three salesmen who thought it would be good eating to drop in on, and it was. . . .)

You New Yorkers are all wrong about "Gone With the Wind." That book has sold a million copies because it is the only real book that has been published since the Civil War. It took Margaret Mitchell seven years to jumble it together in the shape it is in. If she had pruned it for seven more years it might have been a good book. She would have been about forty then. If she had worked seven more years, trying to express by what she left out all that she wanted her readers to think and feel, it might have been a great book. As it stands, I regard "Gone With the Wind" as the most important book since the Civil War—not greatest, but most important. The suspense amounts to genius.

I am the amorphous Common People speaking. Why have we devoured "Gone With the Wind" as no first book was ever before devoured? It is because there is no Relief Project in the United States for the human spirit. "Gone With the Wind" is the only "War and Peace" the English-speaking world has been able to bring to birth. We have no mighty writers. Slinging language like apple-peelings over your left shoulder at midnight on Hallowe'en is not great writing.

"Aus meinen grossen Schmerzen
Mach ich die kleine Lieder . . .

And we are tired of your great hurts and your little songs. . . . We, the People, Yes! That is why we read, and recommend right and left, behind and before, this "Gone With the Wind," even while we reach for our salt sack to weep tears at such clichés as no Nobel Prize winner ever did waste his valuable time collecting for the intelligentsia, or whatnot, to wade through.

We common folks are tired of your "Cyrano de Cognac" noses; we are tired of writers who "don't give a damn for any of them: God, death, immortality, glory, virtue, and Co."; we are tired of the "agonies of love and the ecstasies of fear and doubt, and the drop-by-drop fulfilment . . ."; tired of "drinking from the cup of space"; tired of considering "this evil spirit as it were, of which there is no riddance"; tired of "the sanguine grapes of pain"; tired of "that fatal couch where more hopes are shattered than at the tomb, from which the chances of rising to a happy life are so small, where love dies. . . ."

"MADAM, THERE IS SUCH A THING AS CARRYING BROWSING TOO FAR."

We, the common folks, have bought a million copies of "Gone With the Wind" because our brains have never surpassed our hands; not one of us ever "had for a moment the least care for what he could not reach." Each of us "has limited to the earth his powerful dream of life. In his terrible and touching naiveté he believes that a man could be great." That's I, and my neighbors, the common folks. We it is who know, as you New York writers and critics can never know, *"Que vivre est difficile, O mon coeur fatigué!"*, and because you do not express us we must be satisfied with a "Gone With the Wind" as our national "War and Peace."

If I could write, if I were not just a farm woman taking a vacation because she is on the sick list, I would tell you why "Gone With the Wind" has sold a million.

ANNIE PIKE GREENWOOD.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

Stratfordians

SIR:—Doctor Christopher Morley, in his preface to "The Rockwell Kent Shakespeare," is right when he advises readers not to take him too ponderously. He gives me to smile.

Like the professors of Eng. Lit. he deliberately mixes two personalities and would have his readers believe that the man of Stratford, who, according to Mr. Morley, pronounced his name, "Shaxper," was the same person who turned out the immortal Works under the name, "William Shake-speare."

If Doctor Morley will prove that a man born in Stratford-upon-Avon wrote "Hamlet," or "The Sonnets," I hereby agree to donate $100.00 towards a fund for spare pipes for "The Three Hours for Lunch Club."

Doctor Morley has my permission to call upon Doctors Rosenbach, Tucker Brooke, Leslie Hotson, Hardin Craig, and any others of the so-called "Stratfordians," if he finds the going too difficult.

GEORGE FRISBEE.

San Francisco, Cal.

1848 Is the Date

SIR:—Mr. John G. Moore inquires in the issue of January 9th as to the date and whereabouts of a copy of the Prospectus of Poe's *Stylus*. In volume one of the Poe Census, compiled by me and the late Kenneth Rede, in 1932, there is told on pages 48 to 54 the complete story of this ill-fated *"Monthly Journal of Literature Proper, the Fine Arts, and The Drama. To be edited by Edgar A. Poe,* entitled: *The Stylus."* All statements made there are authoritative and based on the only surviving copy at that time—and perhaps now—in the possession of Gabriel Wells of New York. Quotations from same would be too long. Mr. Moore can inspect this Census in the Huntington Library, if not closer by.

CHARLES F. HEARTMAN.

The Book Farm,
Hattiesburg, Miss.

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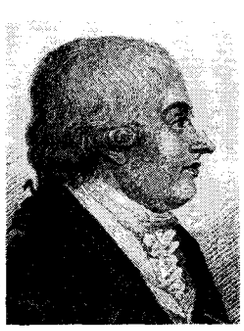
Burlesque Fiction

THE NOVEL IN MOTLEY. A History of the Burlesque Novel in English. By Archibald Bolling Shepperson. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1936. $3.

Reviewed by
GWENDOLYN BRIDGES NEEDHAM

"MOTLEY'S the only wear!" cried melancholy Jacques, but few of the English novelists who tried to assume the garb were "wise enough to play the fool." But some there were who could wear the cap and bells with a jaunty and graceful air—Yorick's own namesake, Sterne, and Fielding, Jane Austen, and Thackeray. And as a training ground for these last three great realistic writers, the burlesque novel, according to Professor Shepperson, makes perhaps its greatest claim to distinction.

The numerous minor burlesques have, however, their own claim to significance. They serve as the most useful kind of literary landmarks, indicating at the same time the death-throes of one fashionable type and the coming into favor of a new. Moreover, in the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, burlesques such as Charlotte Lennox's "The Female Quixote," William Beckford's "Modern Novel Writing," and Eaton Stannard Barrett's "The Heroine" provided the best and most effective criticism of both the matter and the form of fiction. This function was due mainly, Mr. Shepperson points out, to the fact that until the time of Scott, the serious critics did not regard the novel as a dignified literary form. Their attitude was either contemptuous or at best condescendingly indulgent; their chief criticism concerned only the novel's good or bad moral influence. With equal truth Mr. Shepperson might have added that the novelists themselves long regarded their offspring with a dubious eye and an apologetic air and that not until Jane Austen did novelists cease to apologize and proclaim their progeny legitimate.



WILLIAM BECKFORD

With his "The Novel in Motley" (a happy choice for a title), Professor Shepperson has given us the first complete history of the burlesque novel. His treatment of his subject is careful, accurate, scholarly. He confines himself strictly to literary history by treating only the burlesque novels which ridicule others novels. He classifies his material under the two terms, burlesque and parody-burlesque, using the former to designate the novel ridiculing the salient features of some type of fiction by presenting them in a grotesque manner, and the latter to indicate the novel written against one particular work and using parody as the chief means of burlesque.

From Fielding's "Shamela" to Thackeray's "Novels by Eminent Hands," the burlesques of the various popular types of fiction—the romances, the sentimental, the revolutionary, the Gothic, the historical and chivalric—are described and analyzed. In the last chapter Mr. Shepperson traces the burlesque novel's decline in quality but great increase in quantity and in popularity during the last forty years of the nineteenth century. Here the reader wishes that the author had made an excursion into social history and had attempted to answer the question that rises naturally to the reader's mind—Why were those earnest Victorians the burlesque's most favorable and enthusiastic audience?

CHARLOTTE LENNOX

Only once does Mr. Shepperson's interest in burlesque lead him, in my opinion, into misjudgment. When he says that Fielding's Shamela is more lifelike and convincing than Pamela, he is not doing justice either to the character or to Richardson. However much a reader may dislike Richardson's code of prudential morality, he must admit, I think, that in the finely-shaded, minutely-drawn character of Pamela, Richardson has created a thoroughly human figure.

All ardent Janeites will wonder why Mr. Shepperson neglected to mention "Volume the First" of Jane Austen's juvenilia, published in 1933. These amusing burlesques of the novel of sentimentality and of sensibility would have afforded Mr. Shepperson much fruitful material. Her "Jack & Alice," for example, not only parodies most delightfully the novel's use of the interpolated tale of a life and adventures but also presents to literature for perhaps the first time a heroine fatally addicted to drink! Her titles "Frederic & Elfrida," Edgar & Emma," "Henry & Eliza" are close imitations of real novels which appeared between 1780 and 1790. Whether Jane Austen had any definite novels in mind is a question that can perhaps some day be answered by the research scholar.

Professor Shepperson has done much arduous research, particularly in unearthing and classifying the numerous minor burlesque novels of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. He also gives in a valuable appendix a long descriptive list of burlesques and parody-burlesques which appeared between 1830 and 1900. Any student who has tried to locate and identify ephemeral literature of a past period will appreciate the great number of items he has uncovered. Literary sleuthing, if once indulged in, proves an irresistible sport; so as a fellow Hawkshaw, I offer this clue to Mr. Shepperson. Perhaps "Love and Horrors," which he lists as a Gothic novel received by Madame de Rieux some time between 1806 and 1822, might really prove to be the burlesque which appeared in 1815 as "Love and Horror: an Imitation of the Present and a Model for all future Romances, by 'Ircastrensis.'"

Obviously designed for students of literature rather than for general readers, this study will be best appreciated by students of the novel, who can enjoy fully the "palpable hits" and pointed humor of the very minor burlesques and parodies. For them, "The Novel in Motley" will prove a most useful and informative book, and the lucidity of Professor Shepperson's style, together with the fun in the many well-chosen quotations, will make it pleasant and amusing reading.

Gwendolyn Bridges Needham collaborated with the late Robert Palfrey Utter in writing "Pamela's Daughters," a history of the heroines of English fiction.

Winter Cruise

WHITE ELEPHANTS IN THE CARIBBEAN. By Henry Albert Phillips. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co. 1936. $2.75.

Reviewed by HASSOLDT DAVIS

THROW away your guide books by the conscientious fogies who have told you (though you never listened) of the travel trivia they mistake for life, and junk the adventures of those collegiate madcaps who peak from Darien within their souls. If you want to travel, even by book, with the simple desire to see the strange scenes and know them, and enjoy meanwhile, choose Henry Albert Phillips as your guide.

In this latest of his several travel books he has covered nearly all the islands of the Caribbean, those "white elephants" that trampled the heart from Spain and have been prodigally nurtured with the cash of every country which has made pets of them. Not only has Mr. Phillips visited each island more than once; he has understood its people because he liked them, and gathered from them a wealth of unquestionable data that brings them alive in print.

He is an accurate historian and a good fellow, you feel, with just the slightest bias towards the quaint; an able writer and an ingenious guide. The book's appendix of hotels and sights and steamer routes will serve as a sop for those who prefer more formal traveling.

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Book Shots

Saturday Review News Pictures of the Month by Robert Disraeli

Sylvia Thompson (above), English novelist now in New York, faces the Leica in Sutton Place. Miss Thompson's latest novel is "Third Act in Venice" . . . Ralph Bates (below), author of "The Olive Field," is here from Spain for a lecture tour.

Morris L. Ernst, attorney well known to the book trade through his work in censorship and fair trade cases, at his desk in his Madison Avenue office. Mr. Ernst is the author of a new book on the Constitution, "The Ultimate Power" (reviewed on page 7).

Film star writes book: Errol Flynn and his wife, Lily Damita (center, above), look over the proofs of Mr. Flynn's forthcoming "Beam Ends," an account of personal adventure in the South Seas. They are flanked by Maxwell Aley (left) and William Ulman, scenario writer. . . . (Left, insert) Marcia Davenport, standing in front of Robert Bridges, at a party . . .

. . . celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of Scribner's Magazine, *held and broadcast at the Waldorf-Astoria. General Hugh S. Johnson and Hendrik Willem Van Loon (master of ceremonies), operate behind the microphones; at the right is Earnest Elmo Calkins, author and advertising expert.*

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"Painter Pug"

WILLIAM HOGARTH: The Cockney's Mirror. 1697-1764. *By Marjorie Bowen. New York: D. Appleton-Century Co.* 1936. $5.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

IF one vaguely remembers Hogarth's humor, one does not truly remember him. Near the end of her new biography of the man and the painter, Miss Bowen (a historical novelist of an elder day, and also of the present era under the pseudonym of "George Preedy") emphasizes the Swiftian quality of the painter's view of mankind. "So are we all, the painter says, ugly insects buzzing impotently for our brief allowance of time." Fielding pretended to take Hogarth's allegories seriously and to value him for his "moral lessons." But, though the present author points out that the burlesque, "Paul before Felix," is "notably amusing in every detail" she also says:

> For the rest, there are few laughs in any of Hogarth's canvases or prints.

When we look closely at those forty odd years of the eighteenth century in England, as they were seen through Hogarth's eyes, we must certainly revise our opinion of its picturesqueness and elegance. Miss Bowen says our first impression must be one of disorder:

> the streets are narrow and vilely kept, the houses are small, the rooms dingy and miserably lit, very few people are clean, many are diseased; we sense foul air, objectionable smells. . . . Everywhere there are cruelty, grossness and quarreling; the streets are full of intolerable noises and constant fights or riots; coaches are overturned, houses are set on fire, heads broken with quarterstaffs, bodies run through with swords; the refuge from all this disorder, misery, filth and contention is drink; the poor escape by means of gin from intolerable conditions, the middle classes fuddle their stupidity with beer and punch, the aristocrats lose their elegant veneer in continual intoxication.

Such was Hogarth's microcosm, "coloured with his own genius." He was sneered at and reviled in his own time. The connoiseurship of art in the England of the eighteenth century was a bad joke. Hogarth easily detected the spuriousness of many of the "old black masters." What was cried up in England he knew to be sham, though he had not had the opportunity of acquainting himself with the real greatness of Italian painting. He stood for a living art, and when he tried to compete with what was fashionable he did badly. He contended that he was as good a portrait painter as Van Dyck. What was infinitely more important was that he was Hogarth. When we look upon the portrait of Lord Lovat and the drawing of John Wilkes we see something far greater than satire or caricature. We see what was there, in these faces. We see all the churlish malice of the time.

Hogarth is remembered chiefly for his "Harlot's Progress," "Rake's Progress," and "Marriage à la Mode." He began with "groups or conversational pieces." His series of prints were successful, but to the day of his death

> "ingenious Mr. Hogarth," who would do much good to the morals of the time, he might be, but a great painter he was not, and fashionable people continued to run after Mr. William Kent and the *cognoscenti* to rave over tenth-rate copies of inferior Italian painters.

His enemies sneered at him as "Painter Pug."

Miss Bowen, who has studied the artist for years, gives us a complete life. The painter's own home and family life was quiet and virtuous. He was self-made. He fought his own battle sturdily against all the folly and lack of comprehension of his time. The story here is divided into four parts, "The Scene" (which is London 1697-1764), "The Painter," "The Characters," "The Workmanship." I could wish that Miss Bowen had not divided her story into such neat compartments. It makes for order, and all the pictures are thoroughly and scrupulously analyzed, both as to material and as to technique. We see the available Hogarths through the eyes of a close and critical observer—not without acute comment on the manner of their preservation! The historical and biographical description in the first part of the book is vivid and well-condensed. But it seems to me that a running narrative that would have made full use of Miss Bowen's notable powers of re-creation in the realm of history has been sacrificed in favor of a more scholarly organization of her material. This is rather to be regretted. A certain dryness supervenes which might have been avoided. But one feels her to be thoroughly reliable as to facts. The thirty-three gravure plates (all but the frontispiece being assembled at the end of the book) are excellent for study. Her detailed description of the pictures could hardly be more comprehensive.

Hogarth was a great painter, a great satirist, a great observer of London. He was his own man to the end, and, in an era of cruelty, a strong example of a man fundamentally and deeply humane.

SELF-PORTRAIT WITH DOG
National Gallery, London.

STROLLING ACTRESSES DRESSING IN A BARN
Painting by Hogarth, reproduced from Marjorie Bowen's biography.

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The Bowling Green by Christopher Morley

Palais De Rumine

RUMMAGING round to try to postpone some necessary work, I came upon a batch of old weeklies which had lain unopened since last summer. I find them full of editorials about THE CRISIS . . . and can scarcely remember what Crisis that was.

Disturbing thought: perhaps there is no such thing as a Crisis. How would it be if journalists abandoned the word for a few years?

The way to take the poison out of the press is to read the papers a few days late; by which time the coefficient of False Urgency (on which newspapers make their living) is much reduced; or cancelled altogether.

In last week's *Commonweal* (in an article by Joseph B. McAllister) I found the epitaph Cardinal Newman wrote for himself: *Ex Umbris et Imaginibus in Veritatem.* I spent some time, happily, trying for an adequate translation. From Shadows and Symbols? Shadows and Likenesses?

The annotated catalogues of booksellers and auction houses are my most profitable history of literature. In this same rummage I found a Rains Galleries sale catalogue (December 17, 1936) quoting an inscription by Clayton Hamilton in one of the suppressed copies of his *On the Trail of Stevenson* (1915). This book, in its original form, was withdrawn from circulation by Mr. Hamilton in friendly deference to certain protests; his inscription in this copy is:—

> Friendship, in the nearer and narrower view, is more insistent than truth, since friendship is limited to a few years, but truth has ample leisure to survive the satiric ignominy of mortality.

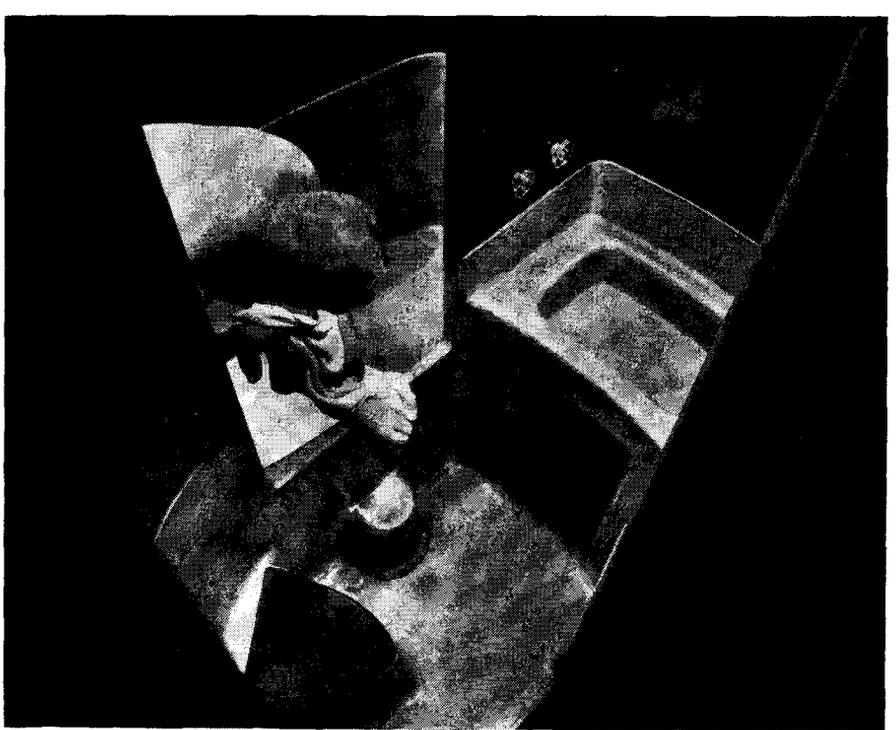
In the same catalogue I find the noteworthy statement that Rev. Charles M. Sheldon "never received one cent from sales" of the 23 million copies of *In His Steps* sold by 16 different American publishers, "owing to defective copyright." This seems abominable. Good old Dr. Sheldon (in Topeka, Kansas) is going to have his 80th birthday next month, and I can't help wishing something might be done.

All these years I've been mentioning and quoting the annual circular of the *Cours de Vacances* (Summer School) of the University of Lausanne, which my friend Professor René Rapin kindly sends me. Yet never before had I noticed that the University has a handsome building called *Palais de Rumine;* which I suppose means Palace of Rumination.

I write these notes in my own Palais de Rumine: the room in which (now for going on 17 years) I have had such hours of pleasure as rarely come to pestered humanity. At this season of damp and chill I forsake the Knothole and come back to my oldtime citadel. The ceiling is getting ready to fall, and the look and arrangement of the books would petrify any well-bred bibliophile (I roar with laughter when I see the decorous prim sanctums the book-collectors love to photograph in their volumes) but not even the Librarian of Congress knows better where to find what he wants.

Especially on days when one goes to the city, how marvellous to get back here. There were some cold clarid nights just before Christmas (I suppose you noticed that big star in the West, those evenings) when the mile walk up from the station was perfect beyond reason. And after hours of skirmish in town, what reading the 4.57 train offers. It only happens in winter when the car windows are black. First a skim of the evening paper, smiling tenderly at its delicious tinctures of hooey —the phosphorescent infusoria of bunk that wriggle so genially between the lines. You make your own deductions and revel as unity-brother in that happiest of secret societies, the D. G. D. (Don't Give a Damn). Then whatever book happens to be uppermost. The air is close, the light is anaemic, but for half an hour concentration is absolute. By accustomed instinct you look out at East Williston just to check where you are—and see the old white country store with its ancient sign FARM WAGONS. You're always afraid that some day someone will change it; and the oil lamps with tin hats at Albertson. In the office, of course, the day is one continuous (and mutual) interruption, which accounts for the extreme opposite the mind now seeks. By the time the train has reached Salamis you're so deep in ecstatic selfishness that you lurk (a little ashamed) round the P. O. until everyone is gone—for fear you might have to talk.

Good sport, in the P. D. R. (Palais de Rumine) is simply to loiter along the shelves (doing a little dusting, perhaps, which is forbidden to any one else) to see what happens to prime the eye. This evening it was the old "Style Book" of the New York *Evening Post,* with the Index Expurgatorius compiled by William Cullen Bryant. Three of the words forbidden by Bryant were *Roughs, Rowdies,* and *Secesh;* you say to yourself I'll bet it was Walt Whitman who caused that—and before you know it you're looking up something in Walt. From that the sequence runs to H. L. Mencken's *The American Language* (the 1919 edition; I haven't seen the new one) where very likely you chuckle over his note on the pecksniffianism of Philadelphia; and from H. L. M. you turn to Brann the Iconoclast who was in some respects the Mencken of his time; and again you cackle at Brann's review of *Trilby* or his comments on Grover Cleveland. You thank your stars you were tactful enough



F. S. Lincoln and Architectural Record

DYMAXION BATHROOM: *Courtesy Phelps Dodge Corporation.*

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not to mention Brann when you were in Waco not long ago. From there, thinking of laughter at its most infectious, you very likely reread Ring Lardner's preface to *How To Write Short Stories* . . . and by this time it's nearly midnight; time for a bowl of Corn Flakes and top-of-the-bottle (with brown sugar, unquestionably) and much too late to begin any writing of your own—

Astonishment unutterable and incredulity beyond belief that anyone could be bored in a room like this—A last vague ploiter along the shelf brings to light a little book of sonnets (by a poet almost unknown and completely dead)—and this brings the exciting discovery that the last line of a sonnet—even a mediocre sonnet—almost always sounds good when taken by itself . . . look up Crosland's heated book on *The Sonnet* . . . remember the clever fourteen F. P. A. put together (in honor of Katharine Cornell) out of single lines taken from Shakespeare's sonnets . . . well, it's time for the slumberous detective story. A pretty tripy one too (*Candidate for Murder*) but even here I find one good snort of amusement: the list of (imaginary) books written by Professor Gaylord, head of the English Department at "Chatham University"—and the two of them tactfully excluded by the president of Chatham from his show-off bookcase in the official reception-room. The two omitted were

Tudor Drinking and Wenching Songs (1894), and

Whores as Heroines in Elizabethan Drama (1898).

But the last surprise (I am giving a truthful account of a P. D. R. evening) was almost too good for belief. I thought I was coming down with flu, so on the way home I stopped at the drug store to buy some Vicks Vaporub—as the old gag was, "all the advertisements speak so well of it." To remind me to use it I put the package on the edge of a bookshelf, at the level of my eye where I would have to see it when turning off the light. When, at 1 A.M., I open the package, what is the first thing I see? A circular with a picture of "Dr. Porter's Drug Store" and these words:—

> The old Dr. Porter Drug Store at Greensboro, N. C. It was during his 17 years behind the prescription counter of this store that Lunsford Richardson worked out the formula for Vicks Vaporub. It was here too that William Sydney Porter (O. Henry) held his first job.

And the spot on the shelf where I had put the stuff was immediately in front of O. Henry's books.

Stella Benson

The extraordinary and fantastic noncurrency of the heavenly books by Stella Benson was often remarked by this Green and by lovers of her rich talent. I am interested—and grieved—to see that this was so even in the one place one would have expected to get some glimmering of her quicksilver quality. In an article in the *Bryn Mawr Alumnae Bulletin* K. Lawrence Stapleton writes about the New Book Room (viz. a reading room for recent books) which was started in 1912 at that college. Miss Stapleton says:—

> One notable omission I cannot refrain from pointing out, and that is Stella Benson. *The Far Away Bride* was bought in 1930-31; before that nothing of hers appeared in the New Book Room. I have found that very few students know her work. Is the modern reader so confused by fantasy that he cannot enjoy her keen wit?

This lively article, which I wish I could quote at length, reveals the pleasing legend that Miss Carey Thomas, the strong-minded spear-head of the Bryn Mawr phalanx, flung Mr. Hutchinson's *This Freedom* overboard in the Bosphorus. And among the books Bryn Mawr is least likely to provide for its reading room, says K. L. S., is *Movers and Shakers* by Mabel Dodge "The Buffalo-born Bashkirtseff." Hear, hear.

Hevige Slingeringen

SIR:—One who retraces paths he has not traversed for twenty or twenty-five years cannot reasonably expect to find much that he saw before, except real estate; but I am astonished at the repetitiousness of history. For instance, the boat that brought me over from Harwich to Flushing was not only the *Prinses Juliana*, but the very same *Prinses Juliana* that was submarined under me the last time I made that crossing, in 1916. She sank in shallow water, as her rescued passengers gratefully remember, so the thrifty Dutch picked her up, dusted her off, and put her back to work. Unfortunately it looks as if she was fished up only to be sunk again in the next war; like Europe. Somebody ought to write a monograph on the selective expurgation of the Christian hymnal by scientific progress. Sophisticated Europeans can hardly any longer believe that there is a land of pure delight where saints immortal reign; but *dies irae, dies illa solvit saeclum in favilla* is as plausible today as in the Middle Ages, and a good deal more immediate.

Were you taking this trip, you might do for the Dutch language what you did for the Spanish language and its idioms. What a tongue. "Royal marriage," especially in the circumstances that lately surrounded it in England, has a formal and almost ominous sound; but there is a note of peculiarly Dutch jollity in "koninklijk huwelijk." One of the local papers reports that on the latest trip of the *Queen Mary* many passengers were injured by the ship's *hevige slingeringen*. I do not know exactly what hevige slingeringen means, but it sounds like the mot juste for the behavior of the *Queen Mary*. But such felicities may be expected from a language which calls an explosion an ontploffing, and an actor a tooneelspeler.

And (for your storm-in-Channel-continent-isolated department) a London paper headed the story of a Belgian mine disaster thus: ENGLISHMAN AND 150 MINERS MISSING.

ELMER DAVIS.

The Hague.

Classical Department

SIR:—Has no one of your readers called attention to a Roman analogue in connection with the abdication of Edward VIII? Analogue, not parallel, but perhaps worth noting. It is the familiar and oft-quoted characterization of Galba (Tacitus, Hist. 1.49):

> Maior privato visus, dum privatus fuit, et omnium consensu capax imperii, nisi imperasset.

Note that the S.R.L.'s reviewer of *Mr. Tutt's Case Book* refers apparently to "Dean" Wigmore as "Deacon" Wigmore —*diacono nolente*, meaning doubtless to say *decano nolente*, an error that once would have wrecked the career of an English journalist!

TRISTIUS.

SIR:—You should see the mottoes on the new fixings in John Wanamaker's Tea-room—thus: on the china: ubique patriam reminisci; on the linen: ubique patrian reminisco.

They got the *ubique* right, anyhow.

ELIZABETH C. MOORE.

Great Terrorist

ROBESPIERRE. By J. M. Thompson. New York: D. Appleton-Century Company. 1936. 2 vols. $7.

Reviewed by WILBUR CORTEZ ABBOTT

IT has now been nearly a century since there appeared the first collection of the "Works" of Robespierre; it has been almost precisely seventy years since Hamel published his Life, at the height of the Second Empire as an epilogue to the Revolution of 1848 and, the cynic may add, as a prelude to the Fourth French Revolution, the Commune of 1871 and the Third Republic. But the real burst of Robespierrist literature began almost exactly with the twentieth century, with the biography by Belloc and continuing with a long succession of studies, by Wahl, Warwick, Vellay, Mathiez, and more recently by Ward and Beraud. Amid these and many other works relating more or less to the life of the great Terrorist, his own works reedited and republished in 1910, provide us with an extraordinary amount of material relating to this best known of all the revolutionary figures. They have now been summed up and crowned by Mr. Thompson's two volume, full-length biography which in a measure provides us not only with an excellent account of Robespierre, but with a kind of an epit-

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ome of the knowledge and opinion of Robespierre, a remarkable bibliography, and a still more remarkable collection of materials illustrative of the life—including a portrait list. There is, indeed, nowhere so full, so comprehensive, and so intelligent an account of Robespierrist literature as one finds in these pages.

Free from Gallic—which is no less profound than "insular"—prejudice; informed, scholarly, dispassionate, the book is very nearly a model of what biography should be. Reading that, the "average reader," if he still exists, and undoubtedly he does, naturally concludes that these volumes must, of necessity, be dull, for of all the words which terrify him the word "scholarly" is the most alarming. Yet this is an entertaining book. In the words of Bagehot, "a man is glad to take it up and slow to lay it down"; and if, as Bagehot said of Gibbon's period, it was one "in which authors had ceased to write for students and had not begun to write for women," and we have long since outgrown that epoch, Mr. Thompson's life of Robespierre may well appeal to both categories.

For this is more than a formal account of a historical character and its historical background and significance. Mr. Thompson has gone through not only the Robespierre speeches but the Robespierre letters, of which he gives often a minute and vivid account, and from this material he has drawn the portrait not only of a historical figure but of a real man. At the same time he has not descended into the literary tricks which mark such books as "My Friend Robespierre" with its readable but often misleading efforts to "bring the characters alive." From his narrative emerges what is as nearly like the "true" Robespierre as we are likely to get, chiefly by the process of letting Robespierre "interpret" himself. It is a simple formula but it requires two things—first to know the man and his times, second to make them live—only that! Despite his coldness, Robespierre is one of the most romantic figures of a most romantic period; and whether or not the principles which he championed remain to inspire his successors, legend will gather round and immortalize this exponent of the Terror, of whose life this work is our best account so far and likely to remain the "standard" biography for a long time.

Wilbur Cortez Abbott is professor of European history at Harvard University.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 147)

BRADFORD AND WINSLOW—"JOURNAL"

We took up eighteen of their arrows, which we have sent to England by Master Jones. . . . So after we had given God thanks for our deliverance, we took our shallop and went on our journey, and called this place The First Encounter.

On January 29th

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DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

COMING NEXT WEEK

A CONVENIENCE FOR DOUBLE-CROSTIC FANS

BEGINNING with the issue of January 30th, *The Saturday Review* will include a reference key letter* in every numbered square in the *Double-Crostic* diagram. While Mrs. Kingsley does not believe in coddling her victims, she is convinced that this system which has been used successfully in her books will add to the fascination of solving the puzzles. Don't miss the *Double-Crostic* in next week's issue!

** This key letter will indicate in which word the numbered letter is to be found.*

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A Laureate's Prose

COLLECTED ESSAYS, PAPERS, ETC., OF ROBERT BRIDGES. New York: Oxford University Press. 1937. $2.

Reviewed by ROBERT HILLYER

AS I write this review, I have before me the last volume of Bridges's essays and also a manuscript letter from him. His handwriting resembles fine italics; but the nervous scream of the italic typography on the printed page constantly disturbs the reader. Sentences of slow and majestic import, following one another in cumulative undertones, present themselves to the eye like a long fit of hysterics. The essays are spiritually essential, but physically almost impossible, to read.

Yet the contemplative reader will surmount the difficulty, for he can not miss —even in the pieces written for an occasion—evidences of a philosophy which, if less formulated than Santayana's, is more experienced; notes on poetry and poetic technique by one of the greatest masters of the art; and a prose style as flexible as high discourse. There are four pieces in this volume: an address to the Swindon branch of the Workers' Educational Association, an address on the necessity of poetry, a radio speech on poetry, and an account of the casualty department of St. Batholomew's hospital, written in 1878, when Bridges was an attending physician. It would be impossible to indicate the range of subjects included in these four papers, except as it is indicated by their titles.

In the address to the workmen, Bridges outlines his conception of a kind of workman's college, a community of laborers living amid conditions "such as our leisured classes now find in our old universities." The plan is economical and simple; but that Bridges guessed its human impracticability is shown by his knowledge of those amusements to which the city dweller is bound: "If a man proceed onwards by the way of wrong-living, he may descend as it were by steps or degrees from ugly form to ugly conduct, and from ugly conduct to ugly principles, until he finally arrives at the ultimate principle of all and learns what absolute ugliness is." The address, delivered in 1916, has references to the War, and in those aloof and moderate terms which were later to bring the Laureate into disrepute among the fanatics, when he was the first to extend his hand to the German professors when the War was over.

The two essays on poetry can not be epitomized. I pass them over with a recommendation of their excellence, and a few citations. "Whether a man speak or write, we say that he speaks or writes well, according as his meaning is plain, his ideas clear, and his language unambiguous." "Though we may say that Beauty is Truth (since all essential ideas are true in themselves), yet the terms Truth and Beauty are not interchangeable, for all truth is not beautiful." In the radio address, we find many evidences that Bridges was at work on the "Testament of Beauty" at the time. He was testing some of his ideas for his own satisfaction. For example, in describing a poet he says: "First I would call him a Platonist, because I am sure that it was from Plato that he got his belief that the thoughts of man are not mere notions born in his animal brain—as we may be apt to think—but are eternal essences or influences that come to him from without." Indeed, one clause from this essay is incorporated verbatim in the "Testament": "That there is Beauty in Nature, and that man loves it. . . ."

The account of the casualty department will be read with interest not only for itself, but also as a sidelight on the character of a man who wrote so fully because he had so fully lived. Now we have Dr. Bridges, remote from his study, from his benignant correspondence with the girlish and shrinking Hopkins, from the classics he delighted to read, the harpsichord he delighted to play, the hills he delighted to walk; ministering every year to some 30,000 of the poorest, the sickest, the squalidest human beings in London. Add to these patients, in their thousands, the sick soul of Gerard Manley Hopkins, whose effusions, had it not been for Bridges's careful preservation and painstaking editing, would never have been known at all. Then hear the esthetic cult whining, "Bridges never appreciated Hopkins."—and find terms for indignation! Perhaps the late Laureate himself provides for these latter-day patients: "Many of them owe their complaints to drinking eight pennyworth of beer a day."

I regret that these essays are printed in the freakish spelling which Bridges devised,—a sort of back look at Richard Stanyhurst and a forward look at e. e. cummings. But the defects of the great emphasize their magnitude; as the virtues of the small, their deficiency.

Robert Hillyer, poet and novelist, is professor of English at Harvard.

Doctors' Symposium

MEDICINE AND MANKIND. Edited by Iago Galdston, M.D. New York: Appleton-Century Co. 1936. $2.50.

THIS volume of essays, "lectures to the laity delivered at the New York Academy of Medicine," again proves that the art of medicine is becoming more closely allied each year to the art of literature. The contributors are Benjamin P. Watson, Howard W. Haggard, Harlow Brooks, George Draper, Foster Kennedy, Elmer V. McCollum, and Alexis Carrel, all distinguished men in their special branches of the medical sciences, and all bent on sharing their straitly acquired knowledge with the intelligently curious layman. That they are not equally successful is due in part at least, to the nature of their subject material. Most lay readers will find the diseases of Louis XIV more dramatic than the chemistry of vitamines, and then too, Dr. Haggard has the advantage of considerable experience in the field of "popular" writing. In more than one instance this reviewer felt that the doctors were taking for granted a little more knowledge on the part of the reader than is quite warranted, but the compression of years of research into a slight chapter is no simple task and one wonders not so much at an occasional obscurity as at their courage.

African Life

THE GENTLE SAVAGE. By Richard Windham. New York: William Morrow & Company. 1936. $3.50.

GARI-GARI. By Hugo Adolph Bernatzik. New York: Henry Holt & Company. 1936. $3.50.

Reviewed by JULIAN W. FEISS

TEN years ago if you had glanced through the latest lists of African books, the predominating subject would have been that of hunting. Fortunately the bloodthirsty period has passed and it seems that we are entering an era of ethnology. That this is distinctly a change for the better is indicated by the quality of these two books, both of which deal extensively with native life, lore, and customs.

"The Gentle Savage" is written by an able English painter, while "Gari-Gari" is the work of a well-known Austrian anthropologist. Strange to say both books cover regions very close to each other and to a certain extent are complementary. There is a striking similarity in the material and although approach is made from different angles by each author, the conclusions and subjects of each book are remarkably similar.

Possibly the most striking feature of these works is the splendid photography. I do not know how some of the pictures were secured but I suspect that all-seeing devil, the "candid camera," of being responsible for much. Irrespective of the technique employed, the photography is superb in both books. In "Gari-Gari" the picture opposite page 7 of a Sudanese girl arranging her silver anklets, is as graceful and beautiful a study of the human form as has ever been recorded photographically. The fact that most of these photographs are obviously unposed serves to enhance their value and charm.

Mr. Windham's book concerns the natives of the Bahr-el-Ghazal province, known amongst the whites of Africa as "The Bog." The name is very descriptive for the terrain is essentially mile after mile of mash and savannah. The first European to study the region and write a description of its steaming vastness was that weird character, Dr. Eduard Schnitzer, known to the world at large as Emin Pasha. His notes and journals written from 1877-1887 are still the best and most authoritative sources of information on this portion of Africa. Mr. Windham has studied Emin Pasha's journals in detail and has profited from that great well of information as well as added to it.

Dr. Bernatzik travelled extensively in the country of the Dinka, Shilluk, and Nuer tribes along the upper reaches of the White Nile somewhat to the east of Mr. Windham's territory but also within the regions traversed by Emin Pasha. "Gari-Gari" is in many respects a far more graphic narrative than "The Gentle Savage" as Dr. Bernatzik covers greater territory and engages in hunting and bouts with malarial fever. The latter are more realistic than pleasant. The description may recall bitter memories to a few readers who have undergone this disagreeable experience alone in equatorial Africa.

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Transitions of the Elizabethan Age

THE LITERATURE OF SHAKESPEARE'S ENGLAND. By Esther Cloudman Dunn. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1936. $2.50.

Reviewed by T. M. PARROTT

STUDENTS of Smith College are to be congratulated on having among them such a teacher of English literature as the author of this thoughtful, stimulating, and provocative book. It is doubtful, to be sure, whether any of them will use it as a textbook in courses. The preface expressly renounces all claim to being a history of sixteenth century literature, and it is not equipped with the dates, tables, and statistics dear to the undergraduate heart for preparations for examinations. But if Miss Dunn puts over in her classroom something of the fresh, up-to-date, and discriminating appreciation of poetry and drama which distils from the pages of this book her students must carry away something better than the data desired to obtain class A grades. The book itself will probably be more use to teachers than to students.

If not a history of Elizabethan literature, what is it? In the author's own words, it is an attempt to penetrate the glittering surface of Elizabethan life to its underlying values, to uncover its "essential reality." Like Professor Craig's recent profound and scholarly work "The Enchanted Glass," it deals less with the literature of an age than with the moral and intellectual life as reflected in its literature.

Miss Dunn sees the Elizabethan age as one primarily of transition from the set forms of medievalism to the clear light of seventeenth century rationalism. She stresses the survival of medieval modes and morals in conflict with the emergence of new and individualistic conceptions. To her that age seems in many ways a counterpart of our own, an age of dissolution and of revolution, marked by a loss of old standards and a fevered search for new. She reinforces this view by repeated comparisons: of Elizabethan prose, for example, based upon oral discourse, to the radio programs of today, of Elizabethan drama to our modern movies, of Shakespeare's soliloquies to the dramatic devices of Shaw and O'Neill. Miss Dunn is no cloistered academic scholar; she knows the world around her as well as that of the past.

Space forbids a detailed examination of the contents of this work and even more a carping criticism of occasional flaws and blunders. One might ask in what play Miss Dunn discovered the twins who were shipwrecked on the coast of Bohemia or whether an attendance at Reinhardt's "Midsummer Night's Dream" would not refute her assertion that Shakespeare's comedy does not get across to our modern world. But these are trifles. It is more important to stress her revaluation of the "Rape of Lucrece" as a Senecan tragedy in narrative rather than in dramatic form, or her discriminating analysis of Shakespeare's "Sonnets" as a compound of convention and personal experience. About one third of the book is devoted to Elizabethan drama in general and to Shakespeare in particular. To a lifelong student of this drama it is not altogether satisfactory. It seems to suffer from compression and simplification. Yet there are good things in it. The comparison of the run-of-the-mine playwright of that age with the script writer for the modern cinema is true as well as startling. The page from Heywood's "Captives"—thoughtfully reproduced in legible script on the opposite page—should bring home to the reader what Shakespeare's manuscript looked like when it went to the press and what difficulties his compositor had to wrestle with before he could set the words in type for posterity to wonder at.

A word of praise must be given in closing to the Reading List, an admirably chosen and carefully annotated "practical guide" for the teacher and student—does Miss Dunn really believe in the "general reader" for whom she says it is intended? Yet the "general reader," if curious about the great age of Elizabeth and free from academic prejudice or romantic idolatry of the Bard, may find pleasure as well as profit in Miss Dunn's work.

T. M. Parrott is professor emeritus of English at Princeton University. He has edited numerous works in English literature, and is the author of "Studies of a Booklover."

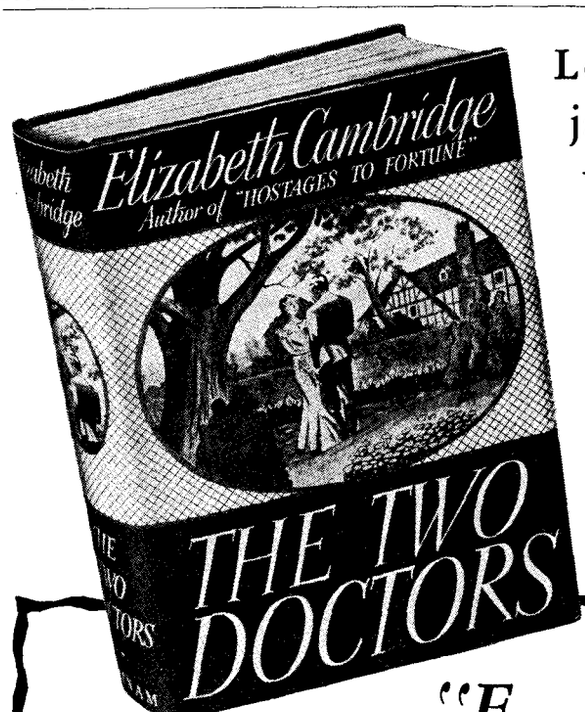
Misguided Jayhawkers

DEATH VALLEY PROSPECTORS. By Dane Coolidge. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1937. $2.50.

THE chapters of Dane Coolidge's book on aspects of Death Valley and its characters have unique value in that they are largely based upon first-hand information. Even the opening chapter, relating of the misguided Jayhawkers overland party of 1849, is original in its slant, for Shoshone Indians who dogged the party of strangers tell their story, as put into print and amended by descendants.

The chapters run: "'White Ones Coming!'" "The Bennett Party," "Burnt Wagons," "The Shoshone Indians," "Borax," "The Lost Breyfogle Mine," "Old Panamint," "Smitty," "John Lemoigne," "Shorty Harris," "Death Valley Scotty." Since Mr. Coolidge went through Death Valley in 1916, with a camera, and with the eye and ear of a feature writer, he has turned up a great deal of source material which is not available today. Representative characters, "Smitty," the burro man; John Lemoigne, the philosophical Frenchman; Denton, Englishman soldier of fortune; Shorty Harris, "single blanket jackass prospector": they are dead, but they and their ready yarns and lore are resurrected in photograph and print.

The seventeen full-page photographs, copyrighted by Mr. Coolidge, of scenes and persons, rank in value with the text.



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THE TWO DOCTORS

$2.50 PUTNAM'S

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The New Books

Fiction

NOVEL ON YELLOW PAPER. By Stevie Smith. Morrow. 1937. $2.

"This is a sit-off-the-ground novel," says its author, "that came by the left hand. And the thoughts come and go and sometimes they do not quite come and I do not pursue them to embarrass them with formality to pursue them into a harsh captivity." Which is an exact description of the book and displays, moreover, the Gertrude Stein influence which every now then crops out in it. Nevertheless if one can take the first hurdle, and get past the iterations and reiterations of the first pages, and forget all through the length of the tale the self-satisfaction of the author, the exuberant narrative arrests attention and holds interest. Evidently Miss Smith, or rather her heroine who writing in the first person becomes identified with her, is a woman of education, for she flings into her chronicle snippets of literature, phrases in French and German, allusion and example from the past and present, discussion of the problems that are everywhere agitating the intelligentsia, and reference to meetings with actual personalities of note in the political and artistic worlds.

The book is a novel in name rather than in form. It is a sprawling, haphazard chronicle, from which emerge the facts that the heroine is the secretary of a London baronet, that she is the fianceé of a young Freddy who leaves her before the end of the volume, that she is a "goy" among Jews, and exults because she feels herself cleverer than the clever men and women who are her friends, and that she is awake to the social conditions of the day and is a person of varied contacts.

Miss Smith's narrative is so helter-skelter, it rushes along gathering up so much miscellaneous material in its impetuous course, it is so entirely uncontrolled in its wanderings and makes so many sallies into personal feelings and public affairs that it is almost impossible to describe it with any precision. It is just the sort of chronicle which will bewilder and outrage the literary taste of many and pique the interest of a few. Personally we like it.

A. L.

FROM THESE BEGINNINGS. By Jane Levington Comfort. Dutton. 1937. $2.50.

THE TWO DOCTORS. By Elizabeth Cambridge. Putnam. 1937. $2.50.

For a long time there was a truism current to the effect that second- and third-rate British novelists wrote better than many first-rate American writers. They could turn out a story in the King's English, and this was a valuable gift. Americans had vigor, perhaps, but it was mostly misplaced and they did not understand the proper use of the language in which they wrote. It is impossible to say to what extent this bit of fantasy is still repeated. How it ever started is mysterious, and seems particularly fantastic in view of the two novels under present consideration. These novels are taken at the greatest possible random, of course. Still, they are both "domestic" novels. They differ in that the American novel is about something and has originality of a sort. The English one is not about anything and sounds as if the author had intended to give us a small slice of Trollope with no equipment for this task other than an ability to observe and describe flowers.

"From These Beginnings," the American candidate, is nothing so very special and does not pretend to be; but it is a good, workmanlike job, written well and with humor. It is the story of an adolescent girl, sensible as well as sensitive, growing up in a household dominated by a book-writing and lecturing father who talked about Things of the Spirit, collected disciples around him to an unhappy degree, and removed frequently from one place to another, ending up in California in a near theosophical position. Perhaps Paula is a little too mature and too sensible for her age. But the book is good humored and good fun, good reading for a train journey, and is certainly nothing of which the author, now or later, need be ashamed. It looks to be a first novel and is a masterpiece of wit and profundity compared with its wee cousin from across the water.

"The Two Doctors," a little something from England, is a fourth novel. A new young doctor comes to a village with his mother. The doctor who was there already doesn't like the new doctor because he hadn't liked his predecessor. The young doctor falls in love with a girl who is like a daughter to the old doctor. She has rheumatic fever, too. The young doctor's mother is nice and simple and all the other women in the village are nice and simple too and it is no time before they are friends. In a little while the two doctors get to be friends, also, so it is all right for the young people to be married. The most exciting thing that happens is when the young doctor's mother feels "a tug at her armpit" and finds her bag is stolen. She gets it back, though. "This book is fiction," says the front matter. "No character in it is drawn from or related to any living person. It contains no description of any place known to the writer." That sort of thing can be carried too far.

C. H. M.

RELUCTANT SOIL. By George Stewart. Caldwell, Idaho: The Caxton Press. 1936. $2.50.

Not new and not in the least exciting, this novel has one virtue. It records with extreme exactness the sounds and smells of farm life. So that the reader, if he is country-bred, will be aroused by recognition when his interest in the story dwindles.

Jane Sanderson, widowed and with two children to support, avoids a convenient marriage and takes as her love eighty acres of Idaho sage-brush. Living first in a tent and then in a shanty lined with old newspapers, she engages in hand-to-hand combat with the elements. Everything goes wrong. Squirrels eat up

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
OUT ON BAIL *R. L. Goldman* (Coward-McCann: $2.)	Doctor indicted for killing benefactor takes law in own hands—also life—and discovers the really guilty guy.	Circumstances rather gang up on author at end of yarn. Otherwise a competent hoodlum-*cum*-dopering affair.	Average
THE HARVEST MURDER *John Rhode* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	English hopfields scene of robbery, arson, and suspected murder—solved, mostly *in absentia*, by omniscient Dr. Priestley.	When author cuts cackle and gits down to 'osses it's interesting, and background is unusual, but general effect is prosy.	Small Beer
SO I KILLED HER *Leonard O. Mosley* (Doubleday, Doran: $2.)	Jealous—and abysmally stupid — husband plots murder of too-loving wife and sees her framed ex-lover burn for it.	Concert variations on theme out of Krafft-Ebing performed *con schmaltzig passione* by lovely lot of libidinous literati.	Lush and Lurid
MURDERED: ONE BY ONE *Francis Beeding* (Harpers: $2.)	Cruel hoax on lady novelist, later slain, followed by violent deaths of hoaxers, but Scotland Yard saves two of them.	Speed, action, and copious shivers carry off yarn with translucent plot which author tries valiantly to make less so.	Vertebra chiller
THE MYSTERY OF THE TARN *Carolyn Wells* (Lippincott: $2.)	Middle aged fiancé of sweet young thing throttled on wedding eve. She vanishes—but F. Stone finds her, and the strangler.	Parts played by flagpole sitter and autogyro put this on higher plane than most earth-bound yarns.	Amiable

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her sprouting vegetable garden. Russian thistles and tumbleweeds ruin her waterwheel. Her children talk back to her. Nevertheless Jane gets up early and works late and keeps on good terms with her neighbors. One of them, a refined Englishman, woos her with Brahms waltzes but she remains true to the land. After seventeen or eighteen years she has things pretty well under control and the author kills her off with cancer—which, all things considered, is hardly cricket.

W. M.

THE SPUR OF PRIDE. By Percival Christopher Wren. Houghton Mifflin. 1937. $2.

A tale of intrigue, espionage, and jungle fighting, Major Wren's new book contains all the essential ingredients of the successful adventure yarns in which the author specializes. Disgraced and dismissed from his command, Captain Wendover of the Indian Army becomes a sort of ghost, as unofficial agent for the Indian Intelligence Service. Having become a Pathan—for his transformation amounts to more than a disguise—he mingles with gun runners in the Persian Gulf and with raiders on the Afghan frontier, clearing his name at last in one of the siege episodes in which Major Wren excels. If Wendover is the stock Wren hero, the villain is more carefully studied. His presentation of the Eurasian Breckinge, in fact, might be held up as an admirable example for those novelists of greater pretensions who treat Anglo-Indian problems. Many of the incidents in the story also show more than the usual insight, and the episode in which Wendover is recognized as an Englishman through his instinctive Gilbertian reaction to a mention of boiling oil is well worked out. "The Spur of Pride" may not attain the cumulative excitement of "Beau Geste," but it has many of the qualities of that book, and should make almost as good a film.

T. P., Jr.

THIS ISN'T THE END. By Margaret Widdemer. Farrar & Rinehart: 1936. $2.

What these fiction heroines need is "eyes to see with." They have to be their own sleuths on the business of discovering the Real Love and powerful blind they are about it. If however, Penelope had been able to solve the mystery of her affections sooner, a great many readers would have lost the good story that Miss Widdemer has made of the case. Not enough happens until it gets down to elimination of suspects. Then things get going in a style that has sent readers of romance away happy ever since Sir Gawaine and the Green Knight.

This is the only novel, so far as we know, to use radio as a fixed and understood background. There is no intricacy or hocus-pocus. The story is not written about radio, but simply uses it as the place where people go to work. Worthy of note, also, is that Miss Widdemer, who has years of romantic novels behind her, can do the ultra modern scene with as great a feeling for place and character as she did the garden of 1921.

H. E.

History

THE AARON BURR CONSPIRACY. By Walter Flavius McCaleb. Expanded edition wtih introduction by Charles A. Beard. New York: Wilson-Erickson. 1936. $6.

It is seldom that a first book by a young historian has made so powerful an impression as Dr. McCaleb's made when published thirty-three years ago, or has held its field so well as his. His defense of Burr, his devastating analysis of General Wilkinson's treacherous activities, and his wholesouled espousal of John Marshall's views as against Jefferson's in the famous trial of Burr, make up one of the most interesting monographs in our historical literature. It is by no means altogether convincing. The view that Burr aimed only at the colonization of the Washita Valley, and the weakening of Spain's grip on the Southwest; the view that his purpose was never treasonable, and that Jefferson was persecuting a much-maligned patriot in 1807—this is tenable, but it is hardly probable. For the opposing view we need only turn to Mr. Bowers's recent book on "Jefferson in Power." But as an *ex parte* treatment of a picturesque and difficult character, a strange and complex episode, Dr. McCaleb's volume has masterly qualities.

In this reissue he might have strengthened it by a complete revision in the light of new evidence. He has not chosen to do so. The new material consists only of short introductory and concluding chapters tracing Burr's career before and after the "conspiracy." In this no fresh facts or ideas appear. As regards the heart of the book it may be true, as Dr. McCaleb says, that time has uncovered "no substantial facts to alter the conclusions reached" in 1903. But certainly historical specialists have told us much that is new regarding the background of Burr's expedition. Certainly also Beveridge and others have enabled us to understand the Burr trial more clearly; and the pages on the trial are the weakest part of Dr. McCaleb's work. Had the author rewritten his volume from beginning to end he could have made it richer, fresher, and in all probability stronger. For the weight of the evidence seems after all to lie with him. Dr. Beard goes too far when he writes that Dr. McCaleb's conclusions are accepted "by the overwhelming majority of historical students." But in this cloudy and perplexing affair he seems nearer right than does Mr. Bowers in treating Burr as a villain.

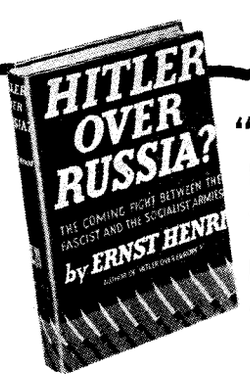
A. N.

Miscellaneous

AN ACTOR PREPARES. By Constantin Stanislavski. Translated by Elizabeth Reynolds Hapgood. New York: Theatre Arts, Inc. 1936. $2.50.

The organization that, among their Theatre-Craft books, published an invaluable handbook by Richard Boleslavsky, "Acting: The First Six Lessons," has again conferred an inestimable favor upon those who believe in acting as a form of creation as well as an interpretative art, in bringing out the present volume by the genius of the Moscow Art Theatre. Brooks Atkinson has said that even better than the Stanislavski system of acting "is the Stanislavski philosophy of art that believes in the infinitude of man." Fine acting, as Mr. Atkinson again says, comes from within, and in the latter part of his book Stanislavski enters into "the Inner Creative State."

This is no ordinary primer essaying to teach sound acting. It relies upon the intelligence and imagination of the pupil



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and the form of the narrative brings one into immediate and personal contact with a Director whose method is at all points original. The fundamental demand is for acting that "has belief in it" and for the avoidance of the stale, stereotyped, and mechanical. Many fascinating illustrations are given and stories told. But this is a mere indication of the exploration of psychology that goes on through the book, of the appeal constantly to the highest type of artistic intelligence.

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W. R. B.

Science

THE STUDY OF MAN. By Ralph Linton. Appleton-Century. 1936. $4.

"Anthropology, like all young sciences, it still somewhat obscure of its objectives. . . . This has resulted in the development of a number of different schools, all of which have made valuable contributions to the development of the science but all of which have also put forward somewhat extravagant claims." Thus Professor Linton writes in his preface to "The Study of Man."

The environmentalist, the race dogmatist, the social evolutionist, the diffusionist, and the functionalist will find little to comfort him in this book if each is looking for his special theory to the exclusion of all others. This makes the work difficult to classify, but most satisfactory to read. Whether layman, anthropologist, or sociologist, each will find a clear-cut exposition of the fundamentals of anthropology, an attempt to trace the background and distinct aspects of human culture and the raw materials from which the family, marriage, the tribe, and the state have emerged. Even those difficult twins, culture and personality, are dealt with with some success. The book can be accepted as in every way fulfilling the need for a general, unbiased treatment of anthropology as it stands today.

A. M. T.

Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

IN answer to our inquiry (Jan. 2) about Arthur Brisbane as a reporter, Mrs. G. K. Salvage very kindly lent us her copy of *What Mrs. Eddy Said To Arthur Brisbane.* We have read this with interest. It is reprinted from the *Cosmopolitan Magazine* (August 1907) and describes, with simplicity and sympathy, a visit made by Mr. Brisbane to that venerable old lady (then 86) in June 1907. It is an excellent piece of plain and unpretentious observation; shrewdly kept within the wave-length of its audience.

☞The 200th anniversary of the birth of Tom Paine is to be celebrated (Jan. 29) by a dinner in New York; on that same day a monument to Paine will be unveiled in Paris. Those interested in Paine will find him excellently portrayed in Herbert Gorman's fine novel of the French Revolution, *The Mountain and the Plain.* ☞We wish that Mrs. Mitchell, the author of *Gone With the Wind,* would read Gorman's novel and say something about it—because it was the enormous success of her book which, to some extent, obscured the merit of *The Mountain and the Plain.* ☞It is well known that the jolly old Public, in the wider sense, can only attend to one thing at a time. ☞Of Paine's sayings, one of our favorites is "Some people can be reasoned into sense, and others must be shocked into it." ☞We have seen very little comment on the death of Sr. Unamuno, the great Spanish meditater, the Salamander of Salamanca we always called him. His book *The Tragic Sense of Life in Men and Peoples* has given Old Q. much pleasure on evenings of privacy and chill. From it we quote:—

"I feel that I have within me a medieval soul" (Old Q. feels the same way, often) "and I believe that the soul of my country is medieval. . . . My work is to shatter the faith of men here, there, and everywhere, faith in affirmation, faith in negation, and faith in abstention from faith, and this for the sake of faith in faith itself; it is to war against all those who submit, whether it be to Catholicism, or to rationalism, or to agnosticism; it is to make all men live the life of inquietude and passionate desire." ☞As far as inquietude is concerned, we're getting a rich harvest of same.

☞One of the most interesting *trivia* of the literary world is that the famous Newdigate Prize for Poetry at Oxford University was won, last year, by a member of the varsity crew. ☞Apropos, we misunderstood an announcement from the Oxford Press: the Letters of Fanny Brawne which they are about to publish were written not to John Keats but to Fanny Keats, quite a different matter. ☞The same O. U. P. also announces still another revision of Sir Paul Harvey's *Oxford Companion to English Literature*—and how it needed it. ☞We were interested to note in a Goodspeed catalogue (Boston) that as far back as 1894 Bliss Carman was rooting for Emily Dickinson. Most of her present enthusiasts, ourself included, knew nothing about her until *The Single Hound* came out (about 1914?). ☞Stopping in to visit the newly enlarged quarters of Mr. Phil Duschnes, bookseller at 507 Fifth Avenue (top floor: the only top-floor bookshop in N. Y. C.?) we were pleased to encounter the youngest of the famous Maggs family of London bibliopoles, over here on his first visit to study the local trade and hunt some rariora. ☞Joe Lippincott, Philadelphia publisher, has also been on a hunting trip for big-horn sheep in the mountains of Sonora, Mexico. The expedition broke down in the Mexican desert 110 miles from a water-hole, but pulled through all right. ☞Publishers often find that experiences with big-horn sheep, Chihuahua rattlesnakes and Sonora mice are valuable in their dealings with authors. ☞We look forward with much curiosity to George Jean Nathan's Shakespearean play, to be published shortly by Random House.

☞The 1937 Almanac for New Yorkers —published by Essandess for the Federal Writers Project—is frequently amusing. One of its most enigmatic hodiernities is for Saturday, June 26: "If anything has to be laid end to end this is the day to do it." ☞It's dangerous making prophecy a long way ahead: for Jan. 23 the Almanac announces "Skiing and skating and falling in drifts at Bear Mountain." ☞They do not list St. Agnes Eve (Jan. 20) which pleases Old Q., as for twenty years he has been the only person who ever remembers it—for its literary rather than ecclesiastic association. ☞Our only winter sports are skee-ball and stuffed oysters. ☞Those of Scottish lineage are now getting the Haggis ready for Burns's birthday Jan. 26. The whiskey to accompany should obviously be Cutty Sark.

☞Arnold Genthe has been invited by old friends in San Francisco to revisit the Golden Gate in honor of the publication of his *As I Remember,* and left last week by American Airlines, his first plane trip.

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CONDUCTED BY AMY LOVEMAN

Inquiries, accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope, should be directed to Miss Loveman, in care of The Saturday Review.

A BALANCED RATION FOR A WEEK'S READING

MEMOIRS OF A MIDGET. By Walter de la Mare. *Knopf.*

ENGLISH JOURNEY. By J. B. Priestley. *Harpers.*

AMERICAN SONG. By Paul Engle. *Doubleday, Doran.*

The English Counties

C. D. E. of St. Johnsbury, Vt., *asked not long since for background material on the English counties. I sent it to her by mail, but as several similar requests have since come in I print the answer I prepared for her.*

BOOKS might be written on the subject and still leave it unexhausted. To attempt to answer it briefly is merely to set down a half dozen facts and think with despair of the many score equally important ones which must get no mention. Thus to begin with what constituted the old kingdom of East Anglia and leave out Buckingham and Shropshire is not to mean that Suffolk and Norfolk are necessarily more interesting than the latter but merely to recognize that to get ahead at all one has to start somewhere.

Well, to begin. The country of the Southfolk of East Anglia, and the easternmost county of England, would be full of fascination if it contained nothing but Ipswich, and Ipswich if it contained nothing but the Great White Horse Hotel, for it was there that Mr. Pickwick had his disconcerting encounter with the lady in yellow curl papers. It was there, too, that Lord Nelson and his Emma stayed for a time. Ipswich can lay claim to fame also as the birthplace of Cardinal Wolsey, who rose from humble position as the son of a local butcher, to found in his native town a college of secular canons the relics of which are still to be seen. More important, however, for its architectural remains is another Suffolk town, Bury St. Edmunds, in whose beautiful abbey church—now in ruins—the recalcitrant barons met and pledged themselves to win from King John his adherence to Magna Carta. It was on an old chronicle of Bury St. Edmunds that Carlyle based his PAST AND PRESENT. The town has its memories of Dickens, too, for it was at the Angel Inn there that Mr. Pickwick blundered into the wrong bedchamber. And it has another pride in the possession of some of the finest Tudor houses in England. There are other, perhaps less notable, towns of Suffolk that have interesting literary associations,—Lowestoft in which Thomas Nashe lived and Diss which was the birthplace of John Skelton; Bredfield where William Fitzgerald was born and Aldeburgh which was Crabbe's native town; and Wetheringseet where as rector Richard Hakluyt worked on and greatly enlarged his PRINCIPALL NAVIGATIONS. The Blunderstone of DAVID COPPERFIELD was in Suffolk, and the shire serves as setting, to come down to novels of the present day, for H. W. Freeman's JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHREN (Holt) and some of the detective stories of Richard Keverne. Within a few miles of Colchester Constable was born, and the landscape which his pictures reflect is a portrayal of the section.

Suffolk's sister county, Norfolk, like itself serves as background for DAVID COPPERFIELD. Indeed, there is perhaps no spot more vividly present to the mind of Dickens readers than Great Yarmouth for it was here that Emily and Ham played as children and that years later David watched Steerforth wave his gallant farewell to life. At East Dereham in Norwich Borrow was born and Norwich, where Cowper lived for a time, was the center of a school of eighteenth century landscape painting which included among its members John Crome (Old Crome) and his son, John Berney, Cotman, Stark, Vincent, and Stannard. Near the apse of Norwich cathedral lies buried Edith Cavell, the English nurse who was put to death as a spy by the Germans during the war. Borrow describes the city in LAVENGRO and it figures in Mottram's East Anglian stories. Norfolk is the background also of Percy Lubbock's EARLHAM (Scribners).

When it comes to Yorkshire interests of all sorts meet. For here is the city of York with its great Minster, the most impressive specimen of ecclesiastical architecture in England; here are Roman remains and walls, and walls dating from the time of Edward III; its Whitby with the noble ruins of its ancient abbey, its sea-front, the River Esk, and its memories of Captain Cook who made his first voyage as an apprentice from here; Fountains Abbey, one of the most perfect of Cistercian ruins, dating from 1135; Harrogate, a famous spa, set in the midst of beautiful scenery; Scarborough, queen of watering places; Ripley Castle where Cromwell stayed; Knaresborough, with its castle, Dropping Well, and Mother Shipton's Cave; and the moorland country with its memories of the Brontës. Yorkshire, indeed, has figured much in literature, in one section or other appearing in Scott's ROKEBY, in Lytton's THE LAST OF THE BARONS, and in Sterne's TRISTRAM SHANDY; it serves as background for such contemporary novels as Priestley's THE GOOD COMPANIONS (Harpers), Phyllis Bentley's INHERITANCE (Macmillan), and Winifred Holtby's SOUTH RIDING (an imaginary division of the county).

Like the South Riding of Miss Holtby the Wessex of Hardy will be found on no contemporary map of England. The term as he uses it covers the southwest counties,—Dorset, Devonshire, Hampshire, Somerset, and Wiltshire, especially Dorset, a lovely and historically rich section of the kingdom. Here are Winchester, or Wintoncester, as Hardy calls it in TESS OF THE D'URBEVILLES; Salisbury, Hardy's Melchester, with its magnificent cathedral, Old Sarum less than two miles away, Stonehenge, a few miles further off, the most elaborate megolithic monument in Britain, and Wilton House, seat of the Earl of Pembroke, in which Sir Philip Sidney's ARCADIA was written.

Loveliest, perhaps, of all counties is Devonshire which the Janite will at once recall as containing Lyme Regis where Louisa Musgrove met with her accident in PERSUASION, and full of literary interest is Somerset, noted in Saxon times, and inextricably associated with the name of Chaucer. Ilchester, with its memories of Roger Bacon, and Glastonbury with its cathedral, lend lustre to the name of Somerset. The glorious days of the county were in the eighteenth century when the golden age of Bath saw in its assembly rooms the great and the wealthy of the land and when Fielding, Smollett, Frances Burney, and others reflected them in their novels.

A most helpful booklet on the English background is A MAPBOOK OF ENGLISH LITERATURE (Holt) in which by purely graphic methods the authors John d'Auby Briscoe, Robert Lathrop Sharp, and Murray Eugene Borish have traced biographical and literary history from the beginning of English annals.

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The Compleat Collector

RARE BOOKS: CONDUCTED BY JOHN T. WINTERICH

In alternate weeks this Department is devoted to Fine Printing and is conducted by Carl Purington Rollins

E. A. Robinson: His Books

A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON. By Charles Beecher Hogan. New Haven: Yale University Press. $7.50.

THE lapse of time intervening between a writer's death and the appearance of a bibliography of his work possessing some solid claim to definitiveness may one day be accepted as a reliable fragment of evidence of the distinction asserted for him by his contemporaries. Only in recent years, with the tremendous growth in interest in modern first editions, has such a formula come into process of establishment. The practice may, of course, become too universal and indiscriminate to mean anything.

But without manifesting further concern over the problems of posterity, let it be declared that Mr. Hogan has contributed worthily and intelligently to the appreciation and understanding of Edwin Arlington Robinson, and has eased (or rather made) the path of the Robinson student and the Robinson collector alike. The terms are by no means mutually exclusive; the ideal bibliography should be acceptable to both. Not even the most minutely itemized biography can present so graphic, so comprehensive, so bird's-eye-view a perspective of the development of a writer—particularly of a poet, whose light is likely initially to be hidden under the bushel of the privately (and shyly) printed book, then scattered in strengthening rays among a score of periodicals and perhaps as many thin twelvemos, and finally assembled into the effulgence of the collected edition.

How easy it is to lose track of the madrigals of adolescence, and how willing the madrigalist usually is to have them lost track of! Mr. Hogan has traced Robinson's earliest appearance in print back to March, 1890 (six years before "The Torrent and the Night Before"), when the author, in the tolerable maturity of twenty, contributed a sonnet, "Thalia," to the *Reporter Monthly* of Gardiner, Maine. "Thalia" has never been reprinted, save in Mr. Hogan's compilation—it is authentic if pallid Robinson. Of his twenty-one periodical appearances before the end of 1896, Robinson subsequently reprinted fifteen, all with major or minor alterations—an unusually high ratio of survivorship.

Mr. Hogan has done a thorough job. To the orthodox bibliographical divisions (chronological check-list, separate publications, books originally publishing Robinson material, newspaper and other periodical appearances, biographical and critical material in books and periodicals) he appends twenty pages of hitherto uncollected verse and prose, a schedule of interviews (which he properly regards as original work at second-hand), translations, and spurious first editions—anthologies which have been innocently but erroneously proclaimed to be original repositories of Robinson material. Particularly helpful to the student is an index listing by title all of Robinson's known poems through their successive appearances in periodicals and books.

Prison Camp Newspapers

Writing in the *Journal des Mutilés et Combattants* of Paris, Jean Volvey discusses a romantic collecting field that merits attention—the newspapers published in German prison camps of the World War by French soldiers. Some thirty of these are of record, several of them apparently issued with the approval (or without the disapproval) of the camp authorities, others more or less surreptitiously. At least one, *Le Heraut*, won the distinction of suppression. Another, *Le Petit Français*, an under-cover enterprise (the machinery of its publication is not disclosed), ran for more than a hundred numbers; its editor contrived to bring a complete set back to France with him.

M. Volvey also discusses a subject of collateral interest—the newspapers in French which the Germans issued for the inhabitants of the occupied areas (chief among them the notorious *Gazette des Ardennes*) and, in one instance, for French prisoners of war, *Le Camp de Gottingen*. Of the latter he declares that the early numbers were edited with sufficient skill to deceive subscribers, but the hand of propaganda grew heavy and obvious, and the French quickly boycotted the production.

Even troops interned in Switzerland had their newspaper, *Le Journal des Internés Français*, the roster of whose contributors included such distinguished names as Henri Bordeaux and Edouard Herriot.

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F. W. M. Wrote to address given. Will write again. Sorry you missed letter. Am not angry. On the contrary, intrigued. Party of Second Part.

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AFTER DECADES of fussing Tucker Brooke, Yale, finally spawned what he terms "Shakespeare's Sonnets." According to Tucker Brooke the spelling is modernized by Tucker Brooke. The punctuation is also modernized by Tucker Brooke. The grouping of the Sonnets is also by Tucker Brooke. Surely Tucker Brooke's extreme modesty prevents his entitling the stuff, "The Sonnets of Tucker-Brooke." What a pity, for then he could have used the hyphen, obnoxious to Paediculi, but proper to "Shake-speares Sonnets," 1609. George Frisbee.

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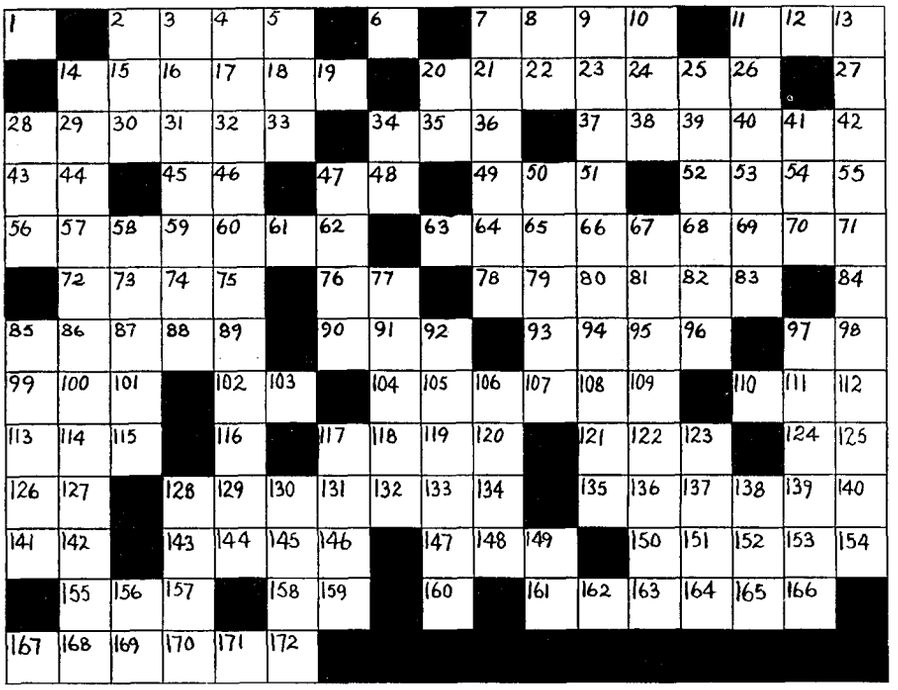
Double-Crostics: No. 148

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY



DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's International Dictionary.

The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 15 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

I. Divination by movements of mice.

II. Clinging as by hooks (said of birds).

III. Novel by Conrad (1920).

IV. Popular novel by Susan Warner (1852).

V. Indecorous.

VI. Virgilian hero.

VII. Hiawatha's grandmother.

VIII. A rending asunder.

IX. Gossips, prates.

X. English hedge shrub.

XI. Character in "Measure for Measure."

XII. A celebrity.

XIII. A short air.

XIV. Shakespearean hero.

XV. Arabian fallen angel.

XVI. Famous Parisian-made tapestry.

XVII. Book by Samuel Butler.

XVIII. Surpasses in ingenuity.

XIX. Reprimand.

XX. Ate greedily.

XXI. Scottish Gaelic.

XXII. Wife of Joseph and daughter of Potipherah.

XXIII. Perseus turned him into a stone.

XXIV. Character in "Middlemarch."

XXV. Character in "Idylls of the King."

XXVI. Personification of chaos (Norse).

WORDS

69	18	102	47	90	77	95	157
94	154	35	160	124	31	101	121
74	159	71	128	148	166		
80	133	10	75	107	122	48	
81	167	32	141	50	44	54	89
118	123	91	28	14	19		
57	151	96	49	65	162	139	
92	116	119	138	43	22	68	56	29
61	168	163	23	42	136	134	
72	58	150	127	5	171	130	142
53	153	27	132	172			
137	24	45	88				
17	170	60	120	146	164	106	
115	140	38	64	109			
73	158	15	131	85			
98	125	93	30	165	3	25	
36	9	41	16	117	147	11	
82	37	67	7	84	111	4	
169	79	52	112	108	12	46	
26	76	39	104	59	114	135	
113	20	55	105				
97	110	66	103	87	13	144	
78	33	1	51	8	129	63	
161	145	83	6	126	86	156	2
70	143	34	99	152	149	21	
62	155	100	40				

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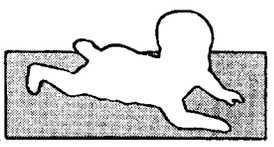

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